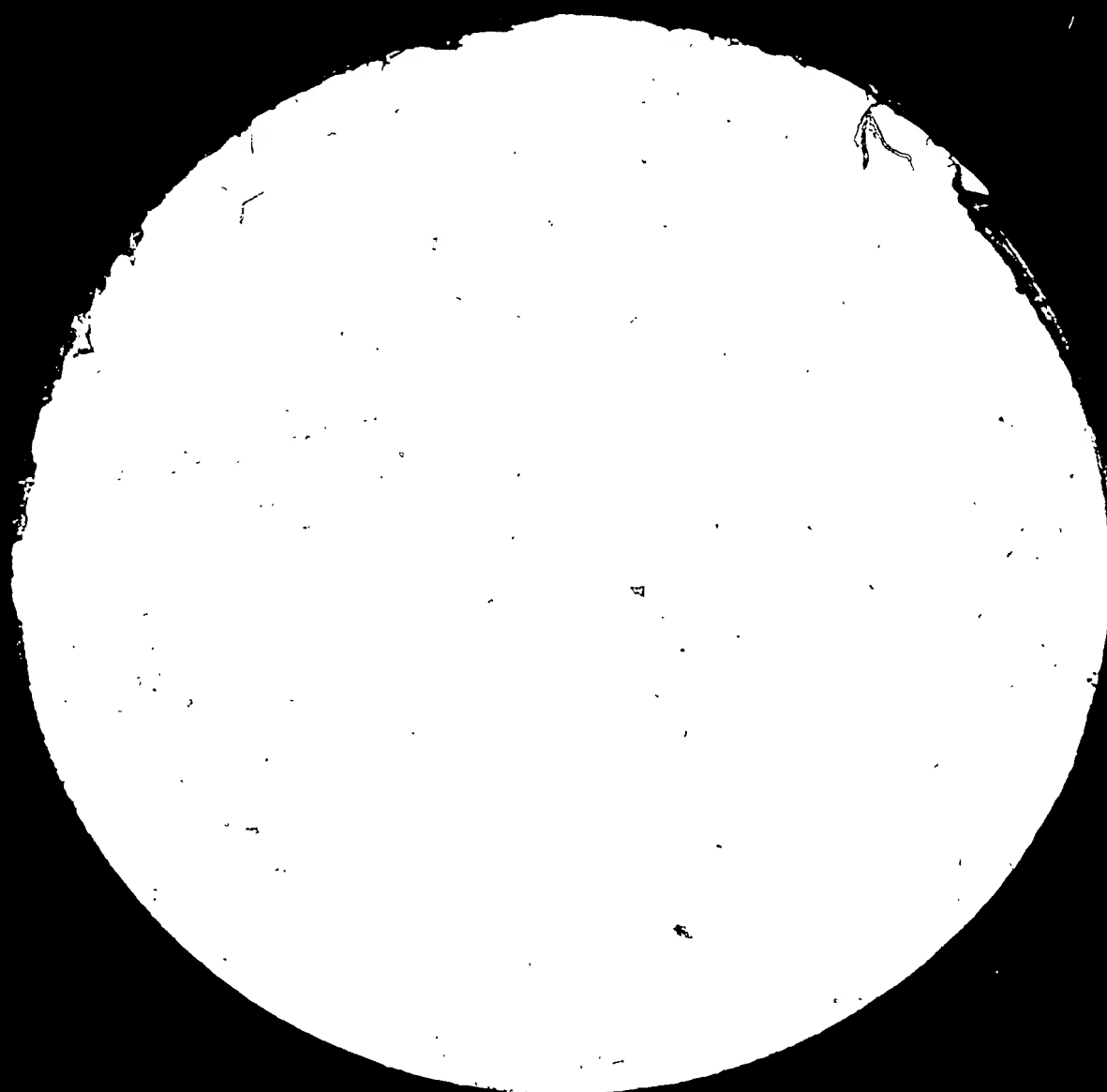


ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS

RIEL REBELLION

1885





PARTS 1 AND 2 COMBINED. PRICE 50c.

# SOUVENIR NUMBER OF THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS

BEING  
A HISTORY  
— OF —  
RIEL'S  
SECOND REBELLION.



TORONTO  
THE GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY.  
1885.

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## ANOTHER SEVERE TEST.

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Office of TORONTO SUGAR AND SYRUP REFINERY.

Toronto, 14th August, 1885.

J. & J. Taylor, Toronto Safe Works, City.

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A HISTORY OF  
RIEL'S SECOND REBELLION  
AND HOW IT WAS QUELLED.

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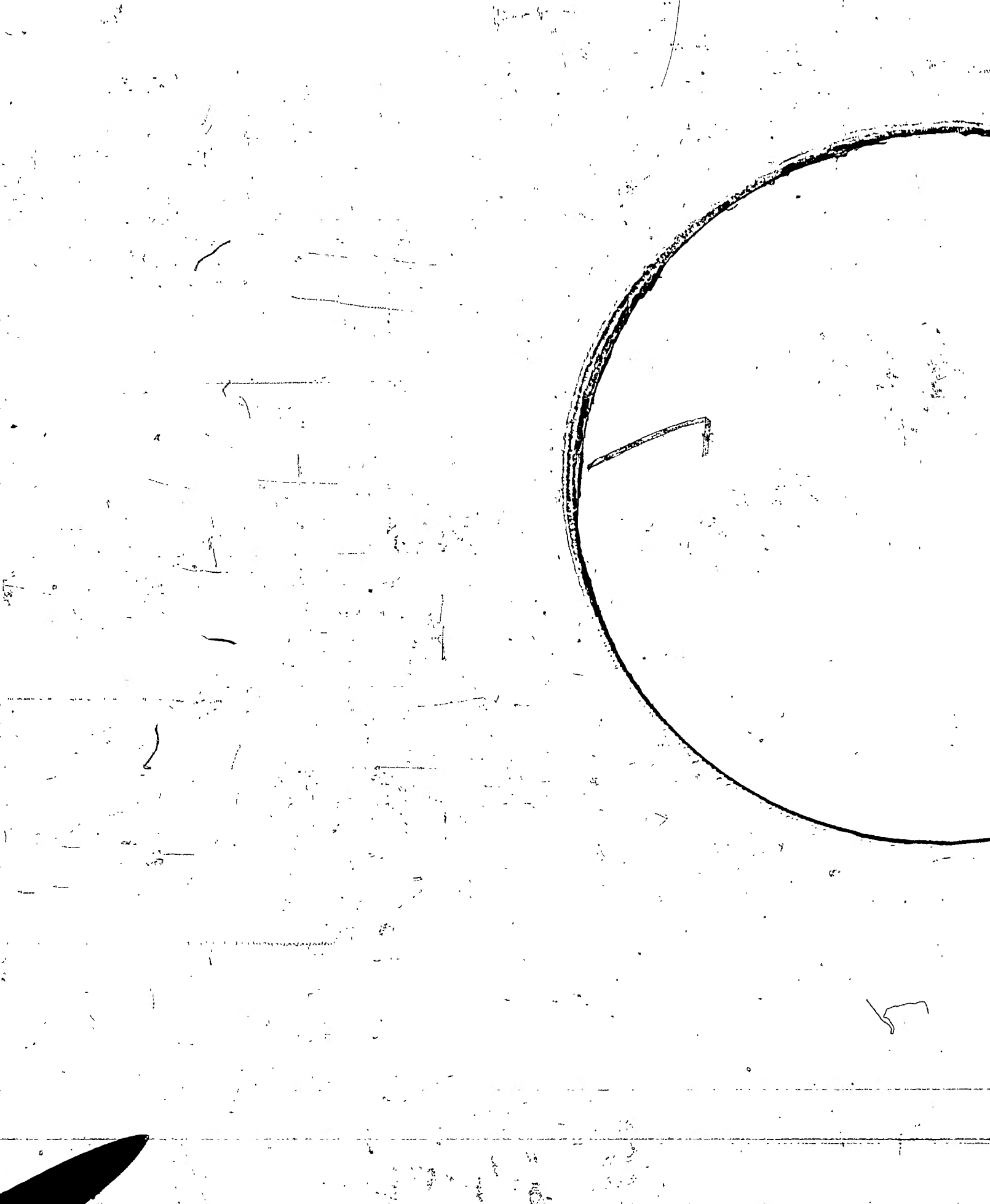
BY T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN, M.A.



GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, OF TORONTO.

1885.





BY T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN, M.A.

importance call for a speedy contemplation of its difficulties.

phases "race-hatred" is nevertheless  
 thing one. I question much if there  
 thing as race-hatred springing  
 and purely from difference of  
 If we regard India, a country  
 great antipathies are supposed  
 spread rampant, we shall  
 that this antagonism is the  
 other influences than those  
 many the contiguous existence  
 different origins. When a  
 through the streets of  
 typical of India's cities,  
 capital of a large and in-  
 he certainly meets with  
 or esteem. But what  
 that mutter by the dis-  
 It is "feringhi, inhi el"  
 It will give us a clue to one  
 than ethical which creates  
 antagonism—it is religion.  
 I will explain much of that  
 abhorrence with which  
 mental castes regard each  
 and perhaps more potent  
 power, both physical and  
 or, civilization & education.  
 natural or acquired modes of  
 states, traits, and the like.

all these seem to exist -  
act and re-act upon one  
they lose themselves in almost  
stable reunifications. The e  
can catholic, the protestant, the  
Canadian, the Canadian, the  
the Irish, the English, the F.  
bred or metis, the Scotch and Eng-  
half-breeds, the various tribes of In-  
there are also bands of Scandinavians,  
are different shades of each of these,  
there are all manner of combinations of

This is no unimportant problem for this country. The main line of our work, and upon this subject we must be clear, might be said. But perhaps the most important, and at the same time roundest, is the question of nationalities. We can draw from this question a number of conclusions, that these differences of religion, power, civilization, education, and modes of life, induce a certain amount of friction which it is impossible to allay and often difficult to prevent from resulting in "friction," as, in engineering, it is technically termed. Therefore, we may be the views we shall each individually accept in explanation of our country's troubles, we cannot but conclude that the obstacles which exist to the proper government of a mixed nation are, not insurmountable, yet often provocative of the most serious consequences.

The Dominion is still young, and therefore has numerous problems with which it has to grapple. The question of free trade and protection has not been permanently answered; imperial federation, annexation, independence, each is beginning to clamour for a share of attention; whether we shall retain or abolish our upper House is still doubtful at no very future date. We have decided upon. And to these we may add the franchise, prohibition, and co-education, all which as yet unanswered, or only partially answered, questions are beginning to show their heads. But, if we are not mistaken, few questions are of more vital importance—proper to the well-being and continued—prosperity of the country, than that of ethical antipathies in race, and broad and liberal view in which I have used that phrase. We are surrounded by numerous and such involved forces acting and reacting upon each other, that a "stable equilibrium" of the whole community it is difficult to obtain. And, in regard the theory of the government, we are to a state as a dynamical rather than a

statical one—to borrow the language of the exact sciences, the problem becomes indefinitely enlarged.

I must not, however, in any way be supposed to limit the view we should take of the half-breed rising to an ethnical one. It is necessary only to grant that it is one, and not an unimportant, factor of the question. But upon it we must be careful not to lay too great a stress. Indeed, it is difficult to bring ourselves to apply the word "nation" to the half-breeds, much less to the tribes of Indians inhabiting our north-west lands. The former can hardly be said to possess distinctive national characteristics of their own; the latter are little removed from savages, and, numerically considered, bear but a small proportion to the population as a whole. Added to this, the alleged grounds of complaint—however variously they may be interpreted—can hardly be termed national in the strict sense of the term.

Of these grounds of complaint let us take notice. It will be sufficient at this time and place to review very briefly the more important and more general theories that are held in regard to this subject.

And of these more general theories it will be best, perhaps, to glance at the outlines of those which are most at variance. For, in truth, the subject may be examined from so many points of view, that its investigation may safely be left to those who will devote themselves entirely to its elucidation.

If you ask a staunch Conservative what he traces the present rebellion, he will in all likelihood answer, "I can tell you in a word,—the Grite." If we ask a Liberal, he will in like manner reply, "The matter lies in a nut-shell,—the Tories." However, without indulging in party prejudices, let us enquire what are the two chief conflicting expositions.

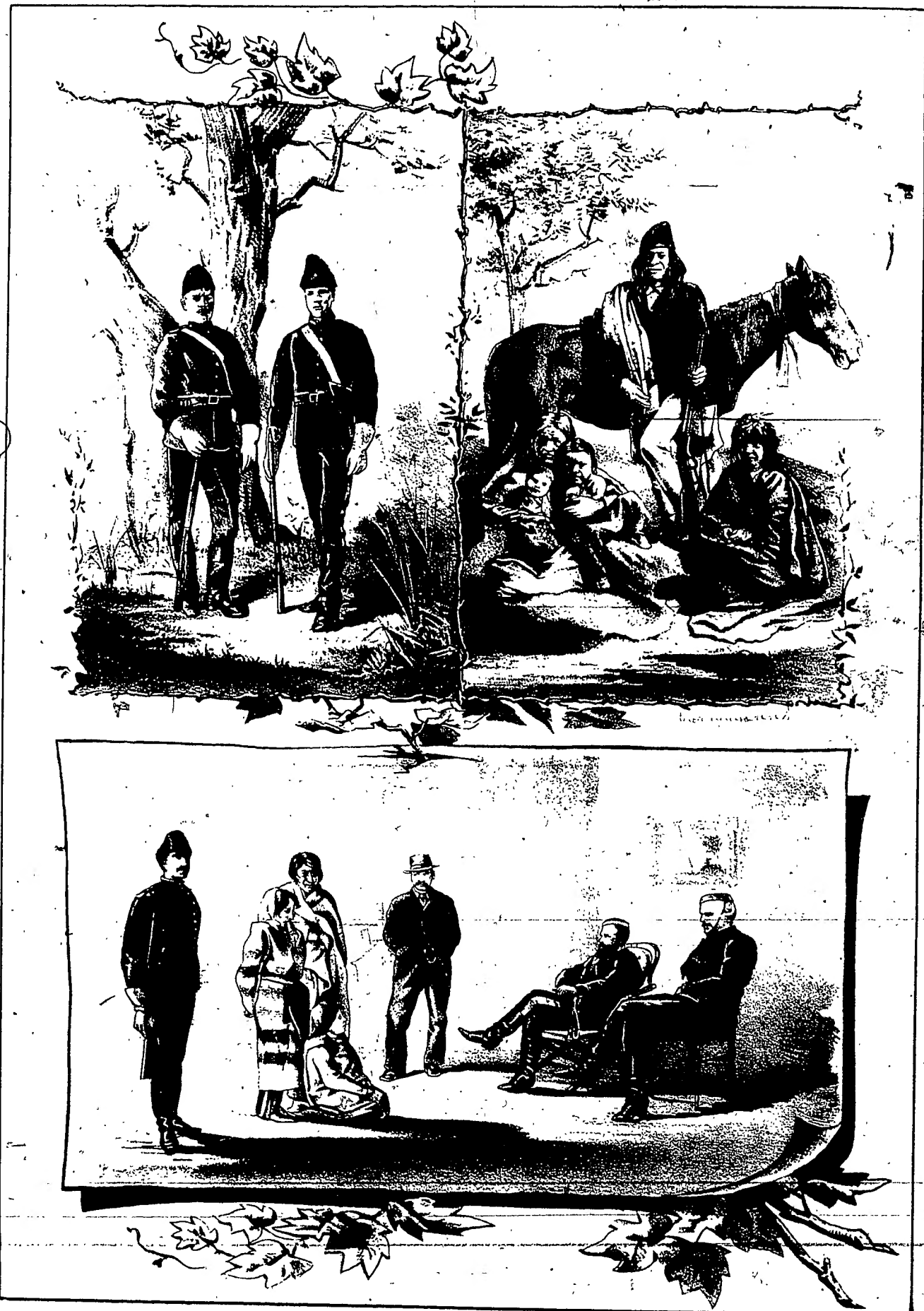
First, then, there are those who hold that there is in reality no ground of complaint; no ground at all; none whatsoever. Those who hold this view—and amongst them are many who know whereof they speak, and are considered by many as authorities on all matters connected with the treatment of Indians and half-breeds—those who hold this view contend that the sole and only source of the up-risings to be found in the dislike, the refusal of these half-breeds to submit to the very simple regulations which attach to the possession of land. They look upon these half-breeds as low, very low down in the social scale. They assert that they are nomadic in their habits; that they cannot be made to settle down peaceably to the cultivation of their lands; that, indeed, land for this purpose is not by any means what they chiefly desire, and that what they really seek is scrip, with which to obtain money; and that this is true of fully ninety-nine per cent. of those who have made the desire for land the peg upon which to hang complaint. Those who hold this view trace the events which culminated in open rebellion somewhat in this manner:—The great majority of the half-breeds now dwelling in the Saskatchewan region, they say, have not long been resident in that district. But a few years ago, at the time of the transference to Canada of the Hudson Bay Company's territories, and they would have been found occupying—or pretending to occupy (a point to be remembered)—lands in Manitoba, lands duly handed over to them by the Government. That their restless and nomadic habits made it irksome for them to use no more definite language—to continue this uneventful life, if indeed they had at any time attempted it, that in process of time they converted their lands or scrip into money, carried off such

goods and chattels as they possessed, journeyed westwards, seized upon such large and irregular patches of land as best suited their fancy, and that the whole cause of the present disastrous rebellion is nothing more or less than the exasperation of these worthless semi-savages at the inability to carry out such plans as often as their predatory proclivities could prompt for they did not comply with the Government regulations as to settlement duties, and seemed to think that they ought not to be called upon to act as other settlers are compelled to do in making a selection. That is to say, they objected to the division of land into mile sections and quarter sections, each wanting a long narrow strip with a river frontage; and in many cases where a number of half-breeds had settled on a winding river, their respective lots when extended would cross each other, and thus give rise to endless dispute when the country came to be regularly surveyed. They could not be made to see the force of any objection, but were willing to retire provided "scrip" were accorded to them, and then go elsewhere and play the same game over again. We must add to this the assertion of those who take this view of the rising, that this lawless spirit was fomented, some go so far as to say, by not a few of the European settlers who had grievances, real or supposed, of a like nature. Others, according, probably, to the particular faith to which they attach themselves, whisper the names of the religious bodies to be found amongst the half-breeds. According to this view, Riel has been but, what in medicine is called, the "exciting cause." Granting that there existed a spirit either of just exasperation or groundless lawlessness, his influence, from whatever source derived and by whatever motives prompted, has been the spark which has set on fire the highly inflammable materials scattered throughout the district of the Saskatchewan.

The other view, diametrically opposed to the foregoing, demands equal consideration. In the former the root of the difficulty is traced to the obstinacy of the half-breeds as regards compliance with the settlement regulations; in the latter it is found in the distrust with which these half-breeds look upon the Government. In the former Riel is looked upon as a mere adventurer; in the latter he is thought to be a bold, intelligent, and philanthropic statesman, thoroughly acquainted with all the complex questions involved in the government of the north-west, and deeply imbued with the idea that the manner in which the half-breeds of the Saskatchewan have been treated by the authorities is unconstitutional in the extreme. In the former the half-breeds are looked upon as a body of men undeserving of the title of nation, devoid of any particular national characteristics, limited as to intelligence, and easily led by interested adventurers; in the latter they are regarded as an integral and important part of the community, bearing traces in their physique and intellect of high descent, possessing lofty qualities, and acting their customs and laws to ancient and noble sources. In the former, religion plays no unimportant part in inciting the malcontents to open hostilities; in the latter it is said to have acted in the exact opposite direction. --

The bases, it will thus be seen, of these two views differ widely and in every particular, and, as might be expected, the theories built upon them are equally dissimilar.

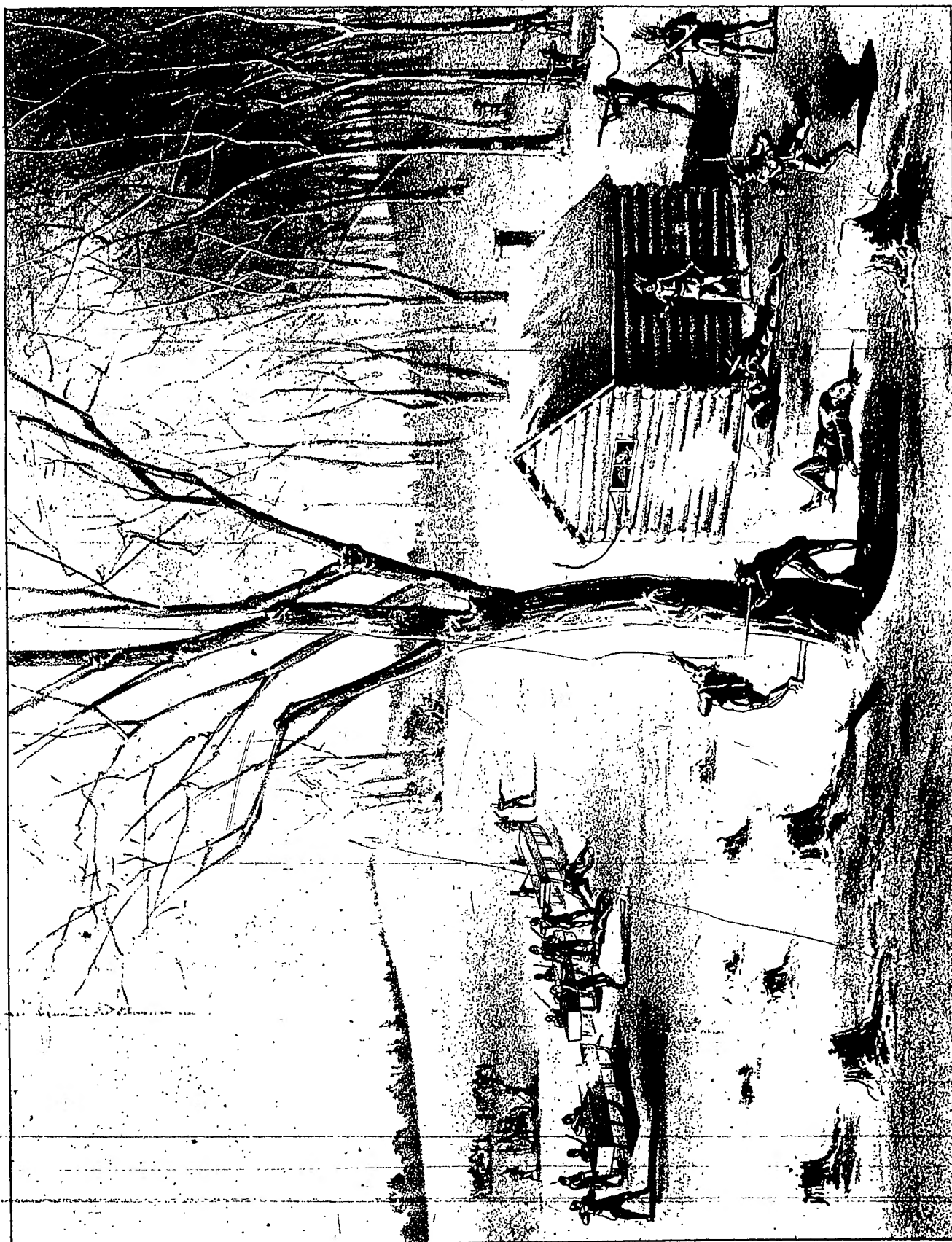
\* This second explanation of the origin of the insurrection can here only be described in outline. It is beset with numerous complicated questions, possesses wheels



TYPICAL SKETCHES.

- (1) Constables of the North-West Mounted Police guarding a trail to Prince Albert. (2) "Lo! the poor Indian" and his family. (3) Superintendent Cotton and Inspector Perry dispensing Justice to Blood Indians at Fort McLeod





THE FIGHT AT DUCK LAKE. (See page 5)

within wheels of a delicate political nature, involves problems of a social, ethical, and religious character, and is altogether encompassed with numerous and variously implicated influences.

The upholders of this second theory base their explanation of the origin of the rising, as I have remarked, upon the distrust with which the French half-breed is accustomed to regard a government by aliens. They point to the circumstances attending the revolt of 1869-1870 (in which, they assert, many of the influences were identical with those now in progress) as explanatory of the revolt of 1885.

Believing that there have been undeniable examples of unconstitutional measures, they find in the present demands of the half-breeds and their leaders grave and serious ground of complaint. They lay great stress upon the French origin of these half-breeds and their consequent peculiar modes of thought, and they lay an equal amount of stress upon their notions in regard to their right to land, and the manner in which they shall possess such lands. They thus introduce historical, we may even go so far as to say, international, elements for the support of their asset on regard to the justice of the claims put forward by the now recalcitrant metis. Further, stepping down from this high ground, those adopting this view point to the provisions of the Manitoba Land Act of the 12th May, 1870, and especially to the amendment to that Act, passed in 1875. By this amendment it was enacted that:

"Whereas it is expedient, towards the extinguishment of the Indian title to the lands in the Province, to appropriate a portion of such ungranted lands, to the extent of one million four hundred thousand acres thereof, for the benefit of the half-breed residents, it is hereby enacted that, under regulations to be, from time to time, made by the Governor-General in Council, the Lieutenant-Governor shall select such lots or tracts in such parts of the Province as he may deem expedient, to the extent aforesaid, and divide the same among the children of the half-breed heads of families residing in the Province at the time of the said transfer to Canada, and the same shall be granted to said children respectively, in such mode and on such conditions as to settlement and otherwise as the Governor-General in Council may from time to time determine.

They point also to the provisions of the Half-breed Lands Act of 1874. The preamble of this Act reads thus:

"Whereas, by the provisions of the Act 33 Vic., Chap. 3 of the Statutes of Canada, known as the Manitoba Act, one million four hundred thousand acres of land in the Province of Manitoba were appropriated by the Parliament of Canada for the children of half-breed heads of families, to be granted in such mode and on such conditions, as the Governor-General in Council should, from time to time, determine; and whereas the Governor-General did by Order in Council, dated the 25th day of April, 1874, establish and publish the mode and conditions of the execution of the said grant, and said Order in Council has since been repeatedly confirmed by section one hundred and eight of the Dominion Lands Act; and whereas, in consequence of the surveys in this Province not permitting the distribution of the said lands in manner as established by the Order in Council mentioned, a distribution has not yet been effected, and in the mean time very many persons entitled to participate in the said grant, in evident ignorance of the value of their individual shares, have agreed severally to sell their right to the same to speculators, receiving therefor only a trifling consideration; and whereas it is expedient to discourage the traffic now going on in such rights, by protecting the interests of the persons entitled to share as aforesaid, until the patent issue, or allotment be made of their respective portions; therefore, etc.

Stepping down, I say, from the high stand of history and tradition, they point to these acts, and assert that in such reasons, the justice of which the assent to these acts had proved, have been carried out for the relief and protection of the settlers of the Saskatchewan; that these settlers have done all in their power to obtain these measures in a just, loyal, and orderly manner, and that, since no relief was afforded them, they have quite properly reverted to the sword as the only instrument by which to call attention to their wrongs. From this point of view, Riel is no adventurer. He is the man who has been furthered into the path of the oppression, and has had the courage to rebel against it, who has already been exiled for such courage, and has once again risked his life on behalf of his fellow-sufferers.

Between these two widely-separated points of view from which to regard the recent outbreak in the north-west, may be

placed, as it were, numberless others, separated from either extreme by very different and sometimes inappreciable distances, according to the various degrees of importance attached to the different elements of the question.

Besides this, also, we must not forget that many are inclined to look upon the whole affair as far less important than probably the majority of persons are wont to imagine. They see in the recent rising merely a much-to-be-expected phase of the settlement of the country. They see in it merely the ousting of savagery by civilization; the eradication of nomads by settlers. They deem that already too much stress has been laid upon the seriousness of the whole outbreak; that the numerous questions in regard to the occupation and tenure of lands by half-breeds and Indians have already occupied too much the serious attention of legislators; that in process of time the vast and uninhabited districts of the north-west must become thoroughly settled, and that the uprising of 1885 is but the natural antagonism of the wandering and blood-thirsty savage to the steadfast and peaceable tiller of the soil. They consider the rising merely as a temporary chaffin brought about by a few fiery spirits. They consider that it will of itself speedily cool down, and that it is unnecessary, of any extraordinary attention.

There, I conceive, are the only points connected with the causes of the rising necessary for us at this time to enquire into before commencing the story of the manner in which that rising was quelled.

It is well, nevertheless, for Canada to regard her recent troubles in their most serious aspect, for they undoubtedly have, been to her the most serious nature. The rebellion of 1869, if as serious in the matter of the consequences at stake, can hardly, in point of magnitude, be compared with that of 1885. The Fenian invasion of 1866 was, as compared to it, but as an eddy to a whirlpool. Since the days of William Lyon Mackenzie, or indeed, we may safely say, since the days of Montcalm and Wolfe, no greater military operations have been undertaken upon the soil of Canada. The force called out was a large and powerful one. In its ranks were many of the highest in the land: men of high social standing, and brilliant intellectual attainments. They travelled in the most inclement of weathers, through hardships untold and obstacles unrivalled, over many hundred miles to meet the foe. The insurgents were no despicable enemy, skilled as they were in the warfare peculiar to their country. Canada felt at large that much was at stake, and through the length and breadth of her land came those who were anxious and willing to defend her.

## THE CALL TO ARMS.

It will be long ere the Dominion of Canada forgets the eve of the quelling of the rebellion of 1885. Never, perhaps, in the history of the Dominion was there exhibited such widespread excitement linked with such deep-seated enthusiasm. Those who were to end the Queen's uniform and march on an errand fraught with danger and difficulty, were to be compared to the ordinary soldier of the line. They were those whom we all knew, whom we were accustomed to meet and associate with in our every-day life, who were related by ties of friendship or blood to those who were known and revered throughout the Province, who had voluntarily and gladly exchanged the dearest of the comfortable life at home, for the hardships and dangers of the camp and the battlefield, who were about to exchange profitable and lucrative occupations to the irksome, and honourable toils of active service. They came from all ranks: the humble artisan, the mechanic, the tradesman, the clerk, the student, the professional man—all were to be found, side by side, indistinguishable. It was a labour of love, and by those who remained behind this was not lost sight of. They were not professional soldiers, and they by no means took merely a professional interest in the affair.

From one point of view there was a splendid advantage in sending troops of this description to the battle-field. The essential attribute of a good army is discipline, and discipline democracy tends to eliminate. Much is gained by the intellectual ardour; something is lost by want of automation. It is a question whether the total efficiency of such a force is actually increased or decreased by this addition and subtraction whether, that is, the intellectual enthusiasm adds more to that efficiency than the want of strict discipline

takes away. In scientific warfare—such, for example as the Franco-Prussian affair—probably this democratic spirit would be a disadvantage; in the present expedition few will deny that it was an element much in our favour.

The militia and volunteers of Canada form a unique force, and one of which we may be truly proud. Its members certainly receive a money value for their service, but they are nevertheless true volunteers. The pittance received at the hands of the government is always spent for the good of the corps, and in numerous instances the holders of commissions, aided often by the non-commissioned officers and men, liberally supplement this sum out of their own pockets.

It will not be out of place here to give an extract from the Statutes showing how the Canadian militia is raised:—

"The militia shall consist of all the male inhabitants of Canada, of the age of sixteen and upwards, and under sixty—namely, exempted and non-exempted, and being British subjects by birth or naturalization; but Her Majesty may require all the male inhabitants of Canada capable of bearing arms, to serve in case of a *levée en masse*, 46 V., c. 11, s. 4.

"The male population so liable to serve in the militia shall be divided into four classes. The first class shall comprise those of the age of eighteen years and upwards, but under thirty years, who are unmarried or widowers without children.

"The second class shall comprise those of the age of thirty years and upwards, but under forty years, who are unmarried or widowers without children.

"The third class shall comprise those of the age of forty years and upwards, but under forty-five years, who are married, or widowers with children.

"The fourth class shall comprise those of the age of forty-five years and upwards, but under sixty years.

"And the above shall be the order in which the male population shall be called upon to serve.—46 V., c. 11, s. 5.

### DIVISION OF MILITIA.

"The militia shall be divided into Active and Reserve Militia—Land Force; and Active and Reserve Militia—Marine Force.

"The Active Militia—Land Force—shall be composed of:

"(a) Corps raised by voluntary enlistment.

"(b) Corps raised by ballot.

"(c) Corps composed of men raised by voluntary enlistment and men balloted to serve.

"The Active Militia—Marine Force—to be raised by ballot, shall consist of seamen, sailors, and persons whose usual occupation is upon any steamer or sailing craft navigating the waters of Canada.

"The Reserve Militia—Land and Marine—shall consist of the whole of the men who are not serving in the Active Militia for the time being.—46 V., c. 11, s. 6.

Thus, these, our friends across the boundary occasionally somewhat contemptuously term them; and this their recent gallant acts in the North-west have abundantly proved. They have stuck at nothing, have grumbled at nothing, and have admirably achieved all that the war could demand. From every part of the Dominion they were called willingly and enthusiastically to the call for their services. Many were engaged in occupations the relinquishment of which meant loss and anxiety, yet none hesitated, indeed, in the majority of cases it was only with difficulty that men could be restrained from too energetically offering their services and joining the ranks. Some had the good fortune to be ordered to the front. Some who held high commands in less favoured regiments accepted a lower rank in those that were chosen for the war, and others, at the last moment, without orders, fully accounted, joining their much-valued comrades in the start for the seat of war. A few, indeed, at the whole expenses of the journey with the hope of being actively engaged. True, rumours, spread of Quebec's inertia, and tidings came of quagmire at Halifax; but these only served to throw into greater relief the spirit of genuine military ardour that pervaded all ranks everywhere.

The nucleus of this ardour was first naturally in Winnipeg. It was from Winnipeg that the first advance was made, it was at this spot that the news of Major Crozier's defeat at Duck Lake (of which I will presently speak) first arrived and first created the state of disquiet and ferment. General Middleton had reached the scene on the evening of the 27th of May; Winnipeg was the most important base from which to make a start, and here were the 90th Battalion and Winnipeg Field Battery, on whom, would in the natural course of events, devolve the responsibility of making the first move and leading the van. Immediately on the arrival of General Middleton, under General stores, clothing, magazine and supplies at Fort Osborne. The general was accompanied in his inspections by Colonel Houghton. A general alarm was rung and the bugles were sounded for the military to turn out. An hour later they were ready to embark, but it was not until 7 o'clock on the evening of the 27th of May, that the 90th Battalion and the Cavalry, under General Middleton, boarded a special, and started westward toward Qu'Appelle.

This may be called the first step towards the quelling of the outbreak.

If Winnipeg was foremost in point of time, she was not least in point of enthusiasm. Indeed she was the largest and the most energetic town in its energetic efforts at preparation. In Toronto, the next easterly centre of military interest, the excitement was at spring

tide. The first definite news of the calling out of the city troops was received in Toronto late on Friday night. A telegram from Ottawa was received to the effect that 250 men of the Queen's Own Rifles, 250 men of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, and 80 men of the Toronto School of Infantry were being put into immediate readiness to start for the seat of rebellion. No sooner was it received by the military authorities, and become generally known, than the whole city was in a state of ferment. Colonel Miller was busy at the Armoury, Colonel Grassett was telephoning to all quarters of the town, calling up officers, ordering sergeants hither and thither; Colonel Otter was earnestly engaged studying maps of the North-west; and the streets were thronged with soldiers and civilians, eager to learn what was in reality going to be done. The Queen's Own and the Royal Grenadiers were ordered to parade, full strength, at 6 o'clock on Sunday morning, and both battalions were busy for the whole of Saturday night preparing for it. The result was excellent; 532 officers and privates of the Queen's Own reported themselves, and more than 300 of the Grenadiers. The officers and medical examiners afterwards went through the ranks and the chosen 250 of each regiment were selected.

After breakfast on Sunday morning, a parade again at the armoury at 8, and at that time the entire force again turned out. In choosing the men there were a few who objected to go on account of the probable loss of their situations, and a few were rejected because of their physical inability to stand the fatigue of a long march in the North-west. However, both regiments stood the test well, and it was necessary 300 well-drilled fighting men, instead of 500, could have been procured from the two regiments.

Finally orders are issued that the men will parade at the Drill Hall at 10 a.m. on Monday to full marching order, to proceed at noon to the seat of war. Now in fact there is excitement. Think for a moment, reader, of what it meant. Six hundred men—fathers, brothers, lovers, are to start at some twelve hours' notice, all of them to go through terrible hardships, many of them to receive horrible wounds, some of them never, never to return. But which were most to be pitied? Those who went or those who stayed. We all know that the tears were shed by those who stayed behind. There was a great deal to be done, however, and no time was left for hopeful encouragement or fond regret. Sunday night saw friends seeing friends for the last time, kind words passed from mouth to mouth, enduring comrades such, perhaps, as no other occasion could have evoked. Many sad expressions were uttered, but more joyful ones; for were not the brave six hundred on an errand of duty? Mothers and sisters slept not all night. There were as many husbands to be waked as fathers for the comfort of the loved ones. And Monday morning saw scenes of pathetic interest. A early dawn they commenced, preparing their outfit, packing the knapsacks, collecting various little things that each could think of: note papers, envelopes, stamps, needles and thread, pins, towels, handkerchiefs, warm clothing, food, medicine, boots, soap, tobacco—till the haversacks bulged with good things to overflowing, and yet the mothers and sisters were not satisfied.

We think, many of us, that war is a thing for men only. That it is an evil that only affects the stronger sex. "Man," says, in the protection of the hearth and home, and country. On him devolves all the suffering. All the suffering? No, not all. Perhaps there is more suffering at home than in all battlefields. Perhaps the hardships of the march do not equal the anxieties of the family circle. Perhaps the camp-life is less bitter than home-life. The warrior has hopes and ambitions that keep him up; he has been companion and exciting duties. But those at home—they only think of what may befall those on the march. No inspiring scenes direct their minds. No gay companions bid them rejoice.

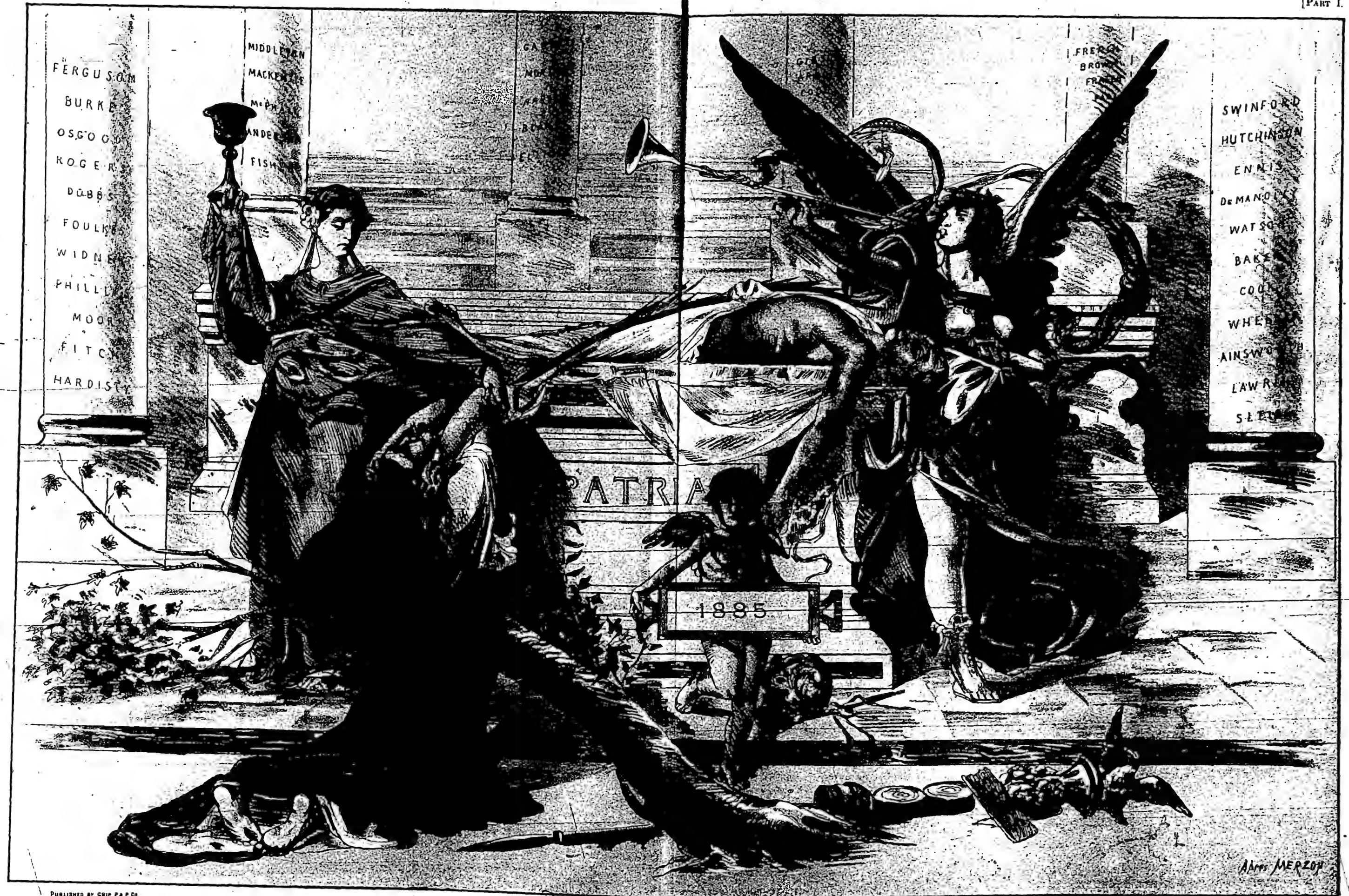
At last everything is ready. Friends unable to accompany the soldiers shake hands with tears in their eyes, and march down alongside to the drill shed. And here is a scene not often witnessed. Filling the hall from end to end are ranks of men. Officers with jingling swords and clinking spurs move hither and thither. Sergeants are busy seeing that every man is fully equipped. The quartermaster's office is besieged with men getting various articles—this one a fur cap, that one a tunic, another an overcoat. Up in the gallery there is a mass of people—women and children, boys and girls, and men, come to see their friends for as long as they can. They look down eagerly at the long straight lines of men—to the east the Grenadiers, to the west the Queen's Own; between the companies the ambulance. A splendid set of men, they all say, and the eyes in the gallery pick out here and there those whom they came to see and watch for. At the doors are more people—mothers of them, with difficulty kept back by the police. Here, too, are the wagwags, and such with white hands marked with red crosses bring out every now and then large boxes curiously labelled with medical names—ominous signs.

Now comes a change. The sergeants come to the front of the companies, and all along the lines goes the question, "You got everything?" "Got everything?" "Yes," is responded in a doleful monotony. All is ready then. The report is made, and Colonel Otter from the gallery addresses the men:—

"The hour has come," he says, "for them to leave for the discharge of the duty they are called out to perform. They are only in the initial stage of what will, no doubt, prove an arduous undertaking, but the demeanour









the men had already exhibited led him to entertain the assurance that he would not find them lacking in all that should characterize the soldier. They had one motive, one desire, and that was to do their duty to their Queen and country. He made no mention of the necessity of strict obedience on the part of the men, and of consideration on the part of the officers. Finally he warned them against the use of intoxicating beverages, and hoped that they might happen to have provided themselves with such would at once throw it away.

His remarks were greeted with hearty cheers. Then came the order, "Four; quick march," the bands strike up, the men step firmly out, and with all Toronto at their head, at their sides, at their rear, they march to the train.

And at the station—what a scene! Ten thousand people are already there; on the pavements, in the road, on the roofs, everywhere. Two engines with long trains stand hissing on the rails. On these all eyes are turned. In the baggage vans are being placed all sorts of stores, and men in scarlet jackets and dark green uniforms give directions. Then comes the sound of music, the bands turn the corner, the troops come in sight, and a great cheer goes up. The crowd gives way, and in a few moments the soldiers take their seats in the trains. A few minutes' pause ensues, Colonel Otter is seen, telegrams in hand, superintending all. At length the order is given to start, and at ten minutes past twelve the trains move out of the city, their noise drowned in the continued and tumultuous cheering which follows them. They are off. Shouts are waved from the balconies, and handkerchiefs from the balconies. Here a friend grasps for the last time the hand of his friend, and there a man looks at the last time into the eyes of his friend, but tears are held back. Again and again the ringing cheer breaks out, and as it flies away the troops have gone.

And this scene is repeated all through Canada. The news from almost every town in Canada is stirring in the extreme. At London, on Tuesday, March 29th, great excitement was created by the receipt of a telegram from Ottawa calling out the 7th Battalion. The order read as follows: "Call out the 7th Battalion for immediate active service and report action and results to the Hon. Minister of Militia."

It was a moment of great excitement, and the news spread rapidly among the already deeply interested citizens, and soon every thoroughfare leading to the drill shed in the city was thronged with people. The men were being drilled, and the women were being drilled, and the children were being drilled. The news spread rapidly among the already deeply interested citizens, and soon every thoroughfare leading to the drill shed in the city was thronged with people. The men were being drilled, and the women were being drilled, and the children were being drilled.

The 63rd Battalion Mount Royal Rifles, 250 picked men under Lieutenant-Colonel Quimet, leave Montreal on the Wednesday.

At midnight of Sunday, April 5th, orders reach Kingston that the Provisional Battalion should leave for the North-west. The hour of departure is immediately fixed for eight p.m. The regiment numbered 362 men and 34 officers. Great was the assembly of people to see the volunteers off, and loud the cheering as the train pulled out of the station.

At Belleville, Colonel Lazear was invited to organize a company made up from the 15th battalion for service in the North-west, and a meeting of the officers was held at his residence. The colonel then asked the government to accept the whole battalion, but received answer that but one company could be taken. Shortly before 10 on the morning of Sunday, March 29th, the battalion was summoned by the ringing of the fire alarm and a splendid turnout made in the city. The band led on, and Colonel Lazear received orders to have his men ready to start for Kingston on Monday morning on receipt of instructions.

The York Rangers and Simcoe Foresters, too, are called out. The 12th Battalion of York, Colonel Wyndham commanding, and the 30th Battalion of Simcoe, Colonel T. H. Murray, commanding, were notified at a late hour on Monday night, March 30th, that they would be each required to furnish four companies for active service in the North-west. The men were received with enthusiasm by the order. Colonel O'Brien commanded the joint force, numbering nearly 350 men. The second in command was Colonel Tythit, M.P., junior officer of the 35th; and Colonel Wyndham ranked as junior major.

From the counties of Durham and Victoria also come volunteers. Colonel A. T. H. Williams, M.P., who volunteered a regiment for service in the Sudan, has been ordered to lead for the North-west. He selected his men from his own, the 46th Battalion, the 45th and the 40th. The 46th represents East Durham, with

headquarters at Port Hope; the 45th West Durham and Victoria, with headquarters at Bowmanville; and the 40th, Northumberland, with headquarters at Cobourg. The battalion comprised eight companies, and two guns manned by the Durham field battery of Port Hope.

So it goes on in numberless towns and cities. Each sends its quota of fighting men amid the enthusiasm, even envy, of those left behind, and Canada drew liberally upon all her resources, so much so that, within a fortnight of the time of first calling on the troops, General Middleton was expected to have 3,223 men under his command, composed as follows:—

90th Batt., Winnipeg.....	300
Winnipeg Field Battery.....	300
"A" and "B" Batteries.....	200
Queen's Own and 10th Royals, Toronto.....	650
"C" Infantry School.....	50
9th Batt., Quebec.....	280
6th Batt., Montreal.....	310
Midland Batt.,.....	300
35th Batt., Col. O'Brien.....	300
Ottawa Sharpshooters.....	50
Col. Smith's Batt., Winnipeg.....	310
Col. Scott's Batt., Winnipeg.....	25

## THE FIRST BLOOD.

What was it, however, that caused the government to thus suddenly to resort to such extreme measures? Up to this time affairs in the Province had been quiet enough. Disaffection, it was known, existed in the North-west, but few thought it of sufficient magnitude or importance to necessitate the raising of an armed force. What, then, was it that prompted the authorities to order between three and four thousand men—infantry, artillery, and artillery, to the front? It was the overt act of bloodshed perpetrated at Duck Lake.

The events prior to this, however, must first be briefly noted.

The first definite public assertion as to the reality and magnitude of the uprising were reported on the 22nd of March. A despatch from Prince Albert received at Winnipeg stated that the rising of the Saskatchewan half-breeds was a most serious affair. They had been joined by large numbers of Indians and had taken possession of all the government stores at Carlton, and had made prisoners of officials and even threatened the fort there. At that time, Mr. Blake asked whether it was true that the half-breeds under Riel had risen in rebellion at Prince Albert, had imprisoned officials, that the government knew of this action, that assistance had been asked by the settlers, and that the Winnipeg battery had been ordered out? Sir John Macdonald answered that the latter part of the statement was true between Qu'Appelle and the South Saskatchewan river and had imprisoned the telegraph operators. This action was said to be because of a letter stating that Riel was not a British subject. The government knew nothing of such a letter. The Winnipeg field battery was ordered out. Mr. Blake asked whether it was true that at Carlton with a hundred men of the Mounted Police, and ninety men had been ordered there. The government thought this number would be sufficient to quell any disturbance.

On the following day the news from the North-west region was more in the nature of a warning than of a reassurance. The reports, however, were conflicting. It was that grossly exaggerated stories had been sent to both the Canadian and United States press. No conflict it was said had taken place, although with the wires cut in several places it was impossible to ascertain the exact situation. A despatch from Battleford intimated that Col. Irvine was expected to form a junction with Major Crozier from Carlton, at a crossing on the south branch of the Saskatchewan river, opposite Duck Lake, where Riel was supposed to be entrenched.

It was believed to have been made on the afternoon of the Hudson Bay posts and the Indian agents, and the officials, arrested to be held as hostages. The telegraph lines were cut and the operators arrested to prevent communication with the Mounted Police posts. Two hundred police arrived at the scene of the troubles. The Indians had not then been invited to join the rebels. Riel was the only chief of whom the authorities were afraid, as Riel and his agents had been operating with the Indians north of Regina and Qu'Appelle with some success. Poundmaker and Big Bear were two hundred miles northwest of the scene of the troubles and not likely to be induced to join the rebels.

Nevertheless the militia authorities at Winnipeg were moving with alacrity. A rifle regiment, three hundred strong, was under arms. A hundred and twenty-five men of the Rifles under command of Major Bowtell, Captains Rattan and Clark, embarked for Qu'Appelle, and the 12th Battalion of York was ordered to move to the north-west, despite the critical state and absorbingly interesting Russo-Afghan difficulty. Some went as far as to head the Winnipeg despatches on the 26th March with the ominous title, "Our Own War." On that date the Premier in answer to question endeavoured to allay fears. Replying to Mr. Blake, Sir John Macdonald said he thought a junction between the forces of Col. Irvine and Capt. Crozier had been made. There would then be 250 Mounted Police on the ground. In addition there were forty volunteers from Prince Albert. One hundred men of the 98th were now on the road to Qu'Appelle, and if necessary, they could be reinforced by 200 more of the same regiment and the

Winnipeg field battery. He thought there was no serious danger to be apprehended so long as the half-breeds were not joined by the Indians, and so far all information in the possession of the Government went to prove that the Indians were peaceable. Riel had great influence over the half-breeds and some over the Indians, but the half-breeds and other bands were indignant at being accused of taking part in the disturbance. He thought Riel had raised this trouble for personal reasons. Some time ago he had offered to retire quietly from the country if the Government would give him \$5,000, but of course the proposition was not entertained. A commissioner had been appointed to consider claims of the half-breeds, and the Government expected no serious trouble in settling the disturbance.

On the following morning, however, Saturday, March the 28th, came a telegram that stated that the account of the overt acts of hostilities perpetrated at Duck Lake. This roused the public and the Government, and it is almost safe to say that at a few minutes' notice a call to arms was sounded throughout the Dominion.

The battle of Duck Lake claims our closer attention. Duck Lake, the scene of the shedding of the first blood, is 124 miles south-east of Fort Carlton, 45 miles south-west of Prince Albert, 6 miles from "Fisher's," and 12 miles from "Gladwin's" crossing on the South Branch.

It was established some years ago by Stohart & Co., formerly the local traders of the West, as a trading post to catch the local trade of Indian reserves in the vicinity, as well as that of the large half-breed settlement that extends from there to the South Branch, and has lately been in charge of Hilliard Mitchell, who formerly had charge of another post for the same firm at Fraser Lake. The post is a fine one-story, whitewashed log buildings surrounded by an ornamental spalled fence in front, and by common rail fences on the other three sides, and as it possesses no stockade or other artificial defence it is entirely unprotected and open to any attack that may be made upon it.

The corner stone of the place, as known in the post-office directory, is Stohart P.O., being named after one of the original founders, and is a name that everyone must concede is far more suitable at the present time than that of "Fisher's" would have been. It is commonly known, however, as "Duck Lake" after the annual meeting of water of that name which stretches out to the west immediately behind it, and which is the annual resort during the summer season of thousands of water fowl.

The country between Duck Lake and Fort Carlton lies gradually as the North Branch is approached. The surface is covered by a scattering of bluffs of poplar and low willow shrubbery, which, in connection with the rich and luscious nature of the underlying soil, presents an attractive picture to the intending settler. On the other side, from Duck Lake to the South Branch, the country is of a more level character, and is covered with much lighter and covered with bluffs of "Jack" pine and poplar, which become thicker as the South Branch is approached, where, uniting into larger and more imposing masses, they cover the high and precipitous banks of the stream from many miles above Fisher's Crossing down to the "Forks" of the Saskatchewan.

The half-breed settlement, which commences at Duck Lake, extends in a more or less scattered condition all the way to the South Branch, up and down both banks of which, in the vicinity of the crossing, are situated the principal and insignificant farms mutilate the landscape. While a great many of these men and their families have settled permanently here since the departure of the buffalo, their numbers have been greatly augmented by the addition of many families of Manitoba half-breeds, who, after leaving their native land, have come in the wake of the tide of white emigration, settled in this district and are now asking for another claim, on obtaining which another sale would doubtless ensue, followed by a grand "scurry" for the Peace River country or some other place.

Here it was that the rebel half-breeds and the whites first came in contact. This battle, like almost every other part of the rebellion, has been described in every variety of manner. According to some reports, the insurgents outnumbered the loyalists by nearly seven to one; according to other figures the very reverse of these are given. Sir John Macdonald, however, after Major Crozier were the unprovoked assailants; others, that the rebels were so blood-thirsty that even a flag of truce was disregarded.

The first news that arrived concerning this skirmish is well worth recording. It was stated in terse, succinct style, well fitted to serve as a basis for further reports. The public read at breakfast-time that Saturday morning was something like the following:—"The half-breed rebellion in the North-west has assumed alarming proportions. A fight occurred at Duck Lake between Capt. Crozier and the Mounted Police and the rebels under Riel, in which ten volunteers and two constables were killed and eleven others wounded. The rebel losses are not known. Intense excitement prevails throughout the North-west. The news created a sensation in Ottawa, where it was learned late in the afternoon, just before dinner. On Monday at once orders for calling out the regular forces stationed at Quebec,

Kingston and Toronto, as well as the Queen's Own and Royal Grenadiers. B Battery has already left Quebec. The men will be sent over the Canadian Pacific railway. Nearly 300 additional militia have also been sent forward to the scene of the trouble. After recess, in the Commons, Sir John Macdonald rose and stated that he had received messages from Col. Irvine, to the effect that he had arrived at Carlton. The telegram did not mention the date of his arrival. Capt. Crozier had gone to Duck Lake to secure supplies which were there, and on his return was met by two hundred rebels, who on his arrival surrounded the police. The rebels fired the first shot. The police then opened fire, and the engagement became general. Ten civilians and two policemen were killed. Four civilians and seven policemen were wounded."

This news was meagre enough, but it must be remembered that Fort Carlton is seventy miles north of Humboldt, the nearest telegraph station on the C. P. R., and that although a man with a team ought to do it easily in twenty-four hours, the news has then to be telegraphed to Winnipeg and from that place east.

This was all the Government knew, but it was enough to cause them to resolve upon extreme measures.

As I have remarked, the different accounts of the battle of Duck Lake are contradictory in the extreme. Perhaps the best information is that given by a half-breed eye-witness. Hearing that the force under Crozier was en route to Duck Lake, the rebels, who were in the vicinity, started to reconnoitre. They met a force of police and citizens, in sleighs. The half-breeds scattered, and Major Crozier thought an effort was being made to surround him, and ordered his men to fire. The fight was short but hot. T. W. Jackson, a member of the Territorial Council, says that Gabriel Dumais, a half-breed, told him that Crozier was going to take supplies from Duck Lake. Dumais took mounted men, armed with Remingtons, and met Crozier's force a few miles from where the trail entered a coulee and bluffs. Both parties stopped, and the half-breeds were ordered to scatter in the bush. Crozier thought they were attempting to surround him and fired. The half-breeds lost four killed and two wounded. Crozier had thirteen men killed, who were left on the field.

Another eye-witness says that "the rebels were concealed in a house and in the woods, and were not discovered until the police unit of the half-breeds was within fifty yards. During a parley an Indian attempted to wrest a rifle from a policeman, and was shot. This was the opening of the fight, which lasted forty minutes. The house where the rebels were concealed was not discovered until after the fight commenced. A cannon was fired, and the rebels were attempting to load the police put in a shell without powder, thus rendering the gun useless. The volunteers remained standing while the police fought lying down, hence the greater loss of the former."

Yet another eye-witness puts it thus:—"On the evening before the battle a meeting of the half-breeds was held to talk of the situation, it being well known that Crozier with his men intended to come to Duck Lake and fight, as the half-breeds had found out two days before that they intended meeting them. At this meeting it was decided to surround their ground and be on the defensive. The next day they met Crozier's force, and when the half-breeds saw Crozier and his men, they divided on each side of the road so that they could pass and follow their road in peace if they did not intend to do any fighting, but the commander thinking the half-breeds intended to surround him and his men, gave the order to the Mounted Police to fire on the half-breeds, and one of the half-breeds was seen to fall from his horse. Crozier's fire having excited the half-breeds, they made a rush on the other party. The engagement was of short duration, but very violent, and the police and volunteers received the order from Crozier to retreat, taking with them the dead and wounded others of the Mounted Police, but leaving on the field thirteen volunteers dead."

## RUMOURS.

Naturally enough on such an occasion, the wildest rumours were soon about on every conceivable and inconceivable subject. Of these, the subject that of the Fenians was the most prolific of the most contradictory and, at the same time, of the most absurd.

A Buffalo despatch confidently asserts that "the present rebellion is due to the active work of the old Irish republican army, headed by the Hon. C. Donohue, who held a captain's commission during the 20th century. The Fenians were a lot of staff, under Fenian General O'Sullivan. The American Fenians are determined that Canada shall not help the mother country either in the Sudan or Afghanistan, and to prevent the deportation of Canadian troops to aid in smothering the mahdi, they have set up Riel in the north-west as a puppet ruler, with money and munitions of war. The sudden call for troops for North-west service surprises the Fenian leaders, who see that the eastern Provinces of Canada will be unable to help England, no matter how great the emergency, until Riel has been smothered. The Canadian authorities are aware of the Fenian plan, and are brewing the trouble, and Detective Murray, who is well-known to the Fenians, has been some time working on the case, but he has been befuddled at every step since he reached the city."

"If the Fenians in the States," remarked one paper, "are not most important, could selling Riel, they are at least ready to take



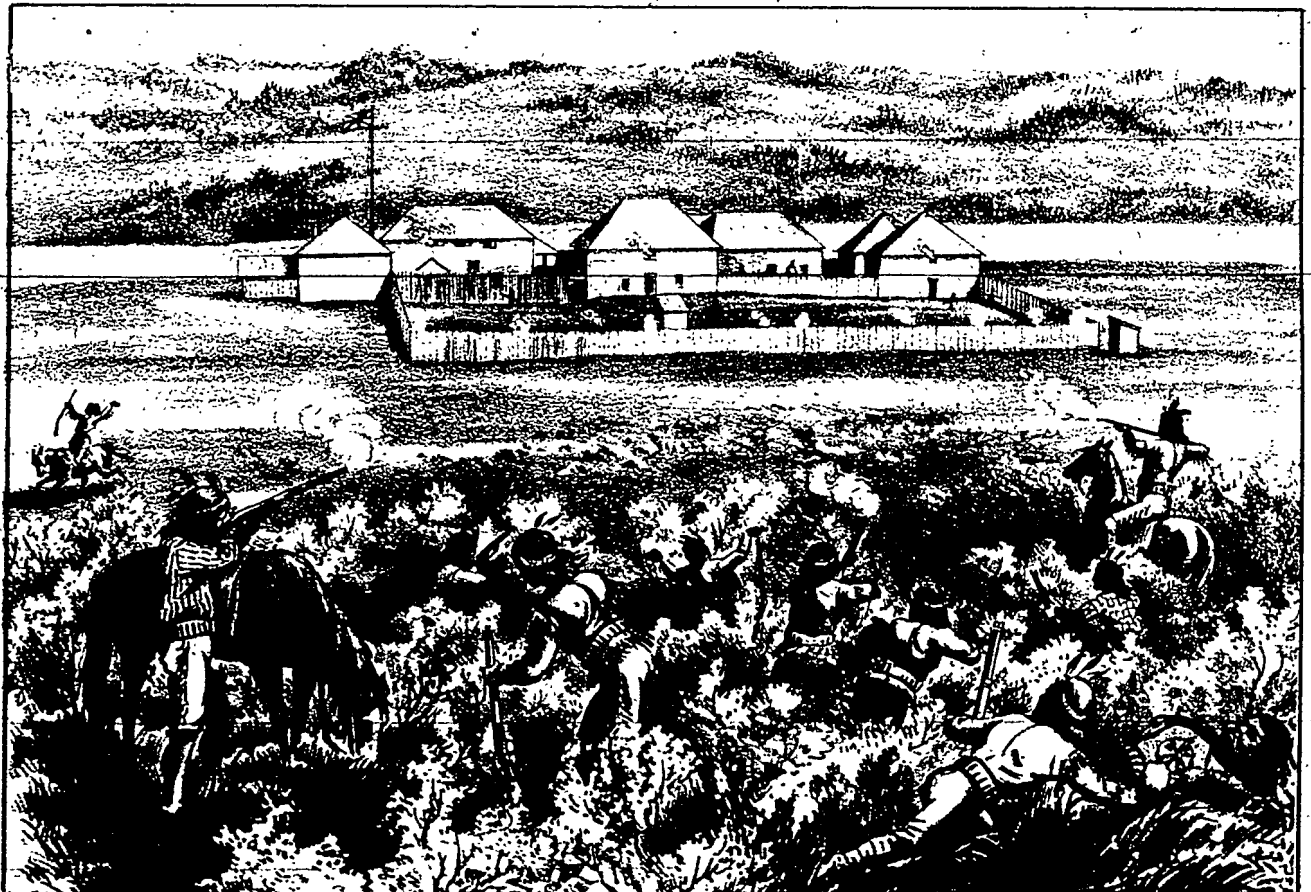


ESCAPE OF THE MCKAY FAMILY THROUGH THE ICE TO PRINCE ALBERT. (See page 21.)

A WOUNDED PRINCE ALBERT VOLUNTEER'S LIFE SAVED BY A HALF-BREED. (See page 21.)



MURDER OF THE PRIESTS AT FROG LAKE. (See page 17.)



HEROIC DEFENCE OF FORT PITT BY INSPECTOR DICKENS. (See page 17.)



advantage of any weakness in Canada's frontier. They would try to cross the Vermont frontier, or the Ontario frontier, or over the boundary line in the North-west.

A despatch from Fargo, Dak., declared that the Fenian organizations throughout the north-western states were making vigorous efforts to aid Hiel.

It was stated, too, that Hiel was not in actual command, but that the rebels were being handled by a strong Fenian sympathizer from the United States and an old emigrant.

A prominent man of the Fenian Brotherhood was reported to have said that they were well organized in Chicago, St. Paul, Duluth, and in several places along the boundary line. "We could take Winnipeg and hold it without trouble, and before five days we may be in it. We'll hit England whenever the opportunity occurs."

Rossa was thought to have openly admitted his having a hand in the rising.

But perhaps the most amusing of these rumours was that promulgated by the *Morning Post*, which asserted that the rebellion in Canada was fomented by Russian agents, with a view of embarrassing the Dominion authorities, and preventing their troops being sent to help England.

These, however, need not detain us.

## THE ROUTE.

Before following our men on their march to meet the foe, it will be well to gain as clear a view as possible of the route by which they were to travel.

In the first part of their journey they were to be taken over the Ontario and Quebec Division of the Canadian Pacific Railway to Carleton Place; then the main line of the road through Pembroke, Callander, etc., to Port Arthur. There are 80 miles of the road on which the track has not yet been laid. The first break is 45 miles, then comes a stretch of track and then three other breaks, aggregating 35 miles, when the road built from Prince Arthur eastward is met. The whole road is gravelled, and the men hoped to be taken over the breaks in sleighs. The C. P. R. authorities made all necessary preparations to transport troops.

The distance from Dog Lake to Nepegin is about 240 miles, made up of a gap of 42 miles on which no track has been laid; a section of 93 miles on which there were three locomotives and forty flat cars; a second gap of 17 miles, followed by a track laid section of 15 miles, on which there was one locomotive and plenty of flat cars. This is immediately followed by a gap of 20 miles, over which there are no rails laid. Then comes a stretch of 32 miles with track in fair order, and on which there is ample rolling stock. There is then but the short gap of six and a-half miles east of Nepegin to be crossed.

The advance ordered by General Middleton was to be in two divisions, one advancing from Swift Current and the other from Port Qu'Appelle, via Touchwood Hills and Humboldt.

The Touchwood Hills route involves much more marching than the other.

North and west of Touchwood Hills on the Humboldt Trail is the Great Salt Plain, as it is called. In reality, however, it is an alkali swamp or belt about 32 miles wide and destitute of anything in the shape of trees or shelter except a little row of scraggy bushes which are found midway across the plain and called the "Stonewall" bushes. They are well known to frontiersmen as the only shelter to be found on this plain during a storm. On the western border of the Great Salt Plain is somewhere about 15 or 20 miles of bush country again, and in the western edge of this is the telegraph and meteorological station known as Humboldt. There is next to no settlement here, but it has long been an important camping place for freighters and travellers bound for Prince Albert, Carlton, Duck Lake, Battleford, and Edmonton. It is here that the trails going westward branch off to the three different crossings of the Saskatchewan, Prince Albert and Fort Assiniboia.

The crossings of the Saskatchewan in this region are three in number: Batoche, or Fisher's Crossing, is the farthest north. The country intervening between Humboldt and Batoche consists of fine rolling prairie, and, except that there are one or two small belts of timber at Calumet Dumont's crossing, there is next to no settlement. An almost canal-like valley with very little bottom land or margin. The river is some 250 yards wide at this point, and, except where the trail winds down to the ferry, the east bank presents an almost sheer descent of 150 feet to the water's edge. The east bank is also bare of trees, and the trail down the face of the hill to the ferry is wholly without shelter of any kind. On the west bank, however, every advantage is offered to those who wished to prevent an advance from the east. The bank, though somewhat precipitous, is sufficiently sloping to furnish an admirable field of fire for a detachment of skirmishers.

It is hardly timbered from its crest to the water's edge, and its timber would afford shelter for a thousand riflemen were such a force needed to defend the ferry.

Clark's Crossing, or what is known as the "Cup" or "Tel-sagut" ferry, is only 30 or 40 miles further on the river, and nearly as much south to be cut by an air line drawn from Humboldt to the elbow of the North Saskatchewan. The banks are sloping and covered with trees or shelter of any kind on either side. The river itself is about 350 yards wide.

According to the measurements of the maps, without taking into account the minor sinuities of the trails, the distance from Fort

Qu'Appelle to Battleford via Clark's Crossing would be about 320 miles.

The advance by way of Swift Current looks much more encouraging than the one just described. The distance from Swift Current to Battleford is only about 150 miles in an air line across the plains, and by a good trail less than 180 miles. The country is for the most part upland prairie.

The following table of distances will also be found useful:

TRAIL DISTANCES.	
Qu'Appelle to Port Qu'Appelle.....	19
Port Qu'Appelle to Touchwood Hills.....	46
Touchwood Hills to Humboldt.....	81
Humboldt to Carlton, via Gabriola's Crossing.....	82
Humboldt to Carlton, via Batoche's Crossing.....	83
Prince Albert to Batoche's Crossing.....	43
Prince Albert to Carlton.....	49
Qu'Appelle to Clark's Crossing.....	196
Qu'Appelle to Battleford.....	281
Clark's Crossing to Prince Albert.....	81

DISTANCES FROM WINNIPEG.	
Port Arthur.....	220
Port Qu'Appelle.....	337
Swan River barracks, via Port Arthur.....	337
Touchwood Hills.....	372
Humboldt.....	453
Fort Carlton.....	453
Battleford, via Gabriola's Crossing.....	628

The telegraph line runs from Qu'Appelle through Touchwood Hills and Humboldt to Clark's Crossing, and thence on to Battleford and Edmonton. From Clark's Crossing a branch runs to Prince Albert.

Winnipeg to Prince Albert.....	350
Winnipeg to Regina, via C. P. R.....	356
Qu'Appelle to Regina, via C. P. R.....	372
Clark's Crossing to Battleford.....	85
Clark's Crossing to Edmonton.....	346
Swift Current to Battleford.....	390
Swift Current to Fort Carlton.....	210

The following line of march for the troops was arranged by Capt. Reddon, who has charge of the transport. A set of teams is continually between one station and another, thus maintaining an endless chain.

No. 1. Qu'Appelle station.....	20
No. 2. Port Qu'Appelle.....	219
No. 3. Touchwood Hills.....	20
No. 4. Humboldt.....	20
No. 5. Batoche.....	20
No. 6. Salt Plains.....	215
No. 7. Wase.....	215
No. 8. Humboldt.....	17
No. 9. Melgund.....	18
No. 10. Hooton.....	18
No. 11. Middlebrook.....	18
No. 12. Batoche's.....	23
No. 13. Cameron's.....	26
No. 14. Prince Albert.....	26

## ON THE MARCH.

Meanwhile, how fare our gallant men? As far as possible let them tell the story themselves.

One of the Toronto contingent writes thus on the day after starting:

"C. P. R., March 31st, 10.50 a.m.  
"40 miles an hour; like the Hien!"

"My DEAR friends—very few stoppages, and it keeps on rattle and shake so that eating is about as hard as writing. . . . We stopped about three hours at Carleton Junction and had a meal. We stopped at Pembroke, too, for a few minutes about 8.30 this morning. The scenery is getting hilly and is very wild; lots of snow, but the weather is clear and good spirits prevail in the highest degree, and tobacco is doubly enjoyable. Your cigars were fine. We are continually passing small frozen lakes which would look very pretty in summer time. This road is getting awfully rough. Crowds at all the stations met us with bottles at all hours last night, and were most liberal with *spiritus frumenti*, etc. By the look of things—country, snow, etc.—we shall have a downright hard and rough time of it, but seasoned with plenty of novelty and jollity. What comforts we have will be thoroughly appreciated."

The following opens up endless fields for laughter:

"SMITH'S FALLS, Ont., 9 p.m., March 30.  
"All well so far. Every one in good spirits. Having a hot dinner here. Guards of honour have been sent out at several stations. Everything but the expedition forgotten until we had well started, when one man was telegraphed for the combination of his bank safe, another man has left his gas burning, and another is paying three cents a day for a Free Library book forgotten."

"MARE STAY, March 31.  
"The Toronto brigade passed here at 10 to night and will be in Sudbury shortly after midnight, where they are to have supper. The day was rather uneventful on board the two trains. We expected to be at Archer, 32 miles west of Carleton Place, by four in the morning, and at Dog Lake, where the first break occurs, before to-morrow evening."

"Some of the letters from which the extracts above are taken the public have already seen, others I have received permission to publish for the first time. And the writing proportionately flimsy!"

"MATTAWA STATION, April 1.  
"The second train left Sudbury Junction at 12.17 this morning. Capt. Todd's sharpshooters from Ottawa, 51 in number, passed here at 11 o'clock last night."

The following gives a succinct account of much of the journey:

"We (O. Q. R.) arrived at Dog Lake at 10 p.m. Wednesday, where we had supper. We started again at 12 o'clock midnight, and drove all night; got breakfast at a lumber camp, and drove to the end of the first break in the track, 45 miles. The night was very cold, and we could not sleep in the sleighs, but we made things as lively as we could by singing songs and telling stories. Some of the boys caught cold and in the morning were reported sick. We arrived at the end of the track about 4 p.m. We were not on board flat cars and travelled 90 miles, it seemed to us more like 200. The cold was intense, about 10 degrees below zero, and we were going against the wind in open cars. It was about the longest night any of us ever put in. The train was fearfully six miles an hour, and the road was fearfully rough and shanty, where we had breakfast, having had nothing to eat since Thursday morning. Several of the boys were so stiff with the cold that they had to be helped off the cars. We were taken into the round-house and warmed at the stove fires before going to breakfast, and then the heat soon put some of us to sleep. It was too much for a lot of the boys after the severe cold. At least half of our company were asleep, and it was hard to waken some of them for breakfast. One man fell in the snow, and when we picked him up and carried him into the shanty there was nothing the matter with him, only he was sound asleep. We got a very good breakfast here and all felt better. Then back to the flat cars and on to the end of the road, where we arrived at 8 a.m. After about two hours getting off the baggage and stores we started on our first tramp to McKellar's Harbour, 22 miles. We halted at Port Monroe at a shanty, where each man was handed a piece of bread and a slice of fat pork—our rations for the day—and off we tramped again. We marched the 22 miles in 7 hours with 5 halts. For the first ten miles it was all right, but after that a great many began to play out, and about thirty had to be left for the baggage sleighs before we got to the end of our journey. The sun came out very hot and every man had his face badly blistered. A tough looking lot we were next morning. We arrived at McKellar's Harbour at 6 p.m., and again took the flat cars to Jackfish Bay, arriving there at seven o'clock Friday night. Few if any of us were ever so tired out before, and it would have been impossible to push us any farther that night; so after a good supper we turned in to sleep in a large freight shed. This was our first night's sleep since leaving home, and it was a great relief. We had breakfast here next morning (Saturday) at seven o'clock, then drove twenty-eight miles to McLellan's Harbour, where we took flat cars for fourteen miles to McKay's Harbour. This was a light day's work and we all felt better, as the weather was much warmer. We had supper here and slept in an old tent which was lying in the harbour, the propeller Georgia. Next morning (Sunday), we got breakfast here and again took the flat cars, forty-five miles to the end of the track, then marched ten miles to Red Rock, where we got emigrant sleepers through to Winnipeg. We arrived at Red Rock at 6 p.m. and arrived at Port Arthur at seven o'clock Monday morning. The last march was not nearly so hard as the first, though the road was very rough. We were a happy lot of fellows when we came in sight of Red Rock and saw the train waiting for us. All our former troubles were forgotten, and we cheered as we marched in a great line of men and a few farm houses during the whole march from Dog Lake till after we left Port Arthur."

"It was a hard forced march from the first and tried the endurance of the Toronto boys as it has never been tried before. With a few exceptions, all men were well and eager to get to the front. We had to leave one man at Jackfish Bay and three at Winnipeg. The Infantry School Company were with us all the time and kept their end up well, they are a fine lot of fellows and will be able to hold their own. On the 4th April, papers were received from Port Qu'Appelle, and glad we were to get them as there was not a scrap of reading matter in our tent, and we did not know what to do with ourselves after parole was over. Now every man in the tent is reading except myself and another, who are writing. We have five tents in our company, and ten men in our tent. Last night was our first under canvas, and we did not feel the cold in the least. We were served with an extra blanket and a rubber one

per man, so were very comfortable. There is no snow here, and the weather is splendid. Our camp is on a bluff on the open prairie, and is very dry. We have had no orders to move yet, but expect them at any moment. The 10th Royals arrived here this morning and went on to Fort Qu'Appelle at once, where they are to remain and we go to the front. There are a few Indians here, but they are a miserable lot. One hundred cow-boys arrived here to-day and are going out with us when we move. They are a wild, rough looking lot, but I reckon they will be useful to us. Port Qu'Appelle is twenty miles north of our camp. This is only the station. I will write again in a few days and keep you posted as we move along."

"McKAY'S HARBOUR, April 5th.

"After leaving Bandville yesterday, the run to Port Monroe was finished at half-past three, and the men immediately went into quarters for the night. Two hundred were quartered in the hold of the schooner L. M. Beck, and passed the night in comparative comfort, although that is not saying a great deal. The officers and the rest of the men were more comfortably bestowed, and obtained a refreshing night's sleep. Port Monroe has a magnificent harbour almost wholly surrounded by mountains, towering a thousand feet. The camp was astray at five this morning, but it was eight before a start was made. It was expected that teams would be provided for the men over the twenty miles gap to McKay's Harbour, but only sufficient teams could be got to take the men, the men's rifles and packs, so the journey had to be made on foot. The road lay over the ice of Lake Superior among the many islands that cluster about the shore. The sun was shining brightly and was thawing the snow, but a north-wester oiled the air and the soft snow made it difficult walking. The men were all in good spirits and mountaineers. The march was completed in grand form at 3.40. We take the cars at once for Jackfish Bay, where we will camp to-night."

"JACKFISH BAY, April 6th.

"We reached this point at six last night, and will start in a few minutes on sleighs for Winneton's Deck, twenty-five miles distant, where we will remain till to-morrow and then take the train for a point, seven miles this side of Nepegin. We had first-rate quarters here and spent a capital night, and the men are showing their eagerness to get on the road. All is well; the weather is clear and cold. The splendid scenery here and the great tunnel will make Jackfish Bay a point of interest. The Q. O. R. reached Port Arthur last night."

"FORT WILLIAM, Ont., April 6th.

"The Queen's Own Rifles contingent left McKay's Harbour yesterday morning, reached the terminus of the track at three p.m., Nepegin at five fifteen, and here at seven this morning. The Nepegin was ten miles. The men are in good condition."

"NEWAGORDA, April 1st.

"The above place is 255 miles west of Callander. The country all the way along the line is very rough and rocky, some parts fairly well timbered, principally light pine with some birch and tamarack. There does not seem to be very much hard wood. There is lots of snow. If you get of the regular track you find yourself plunged in snow almost to the waist. Then realize how deep it is. None of the country we have passed through since we left before, Mattawa appears to be for cultivation. Here and there small portions only appear fit to be valuable for anything except grazing. In many parts it resembles Muskoka. The scenery is fine. We passed Lake Nipissing yesterday afternoon. It is a fine sheet of water, or rather ice at present. (Last night the temperature was below zero.) There are some small lakes there. There are several smaller lakes and good trout fishing, but no game. Plenty of deer near Mattawa. The only signs by the way are at the lumber stanties. The weather yesterday was somewhat mild, but towards evening cold. To-day is a lovely winter day, bright, clear, not very cold, and our car since we left home certainly has not been cold, most of the time very hot, almost unbearably so. We are feeling very well. The men are all satisfied and seem to think there is hard work ahead and are bracing themselves up for it. They are very quiet and orderly; never saw less drinking; in fact there is scarcely any. I heard of one man who had his water bottle full of whiskey and emptied it out and filled it with cold tea. I think that this fact ought to be chronicled. We have had three regular meals, viz., at Carleton Junction, Mattawa, and Mississauga, and an excellent one this morning. Our next meal will not be till we reach the end of the track. I think probably about 7 o'clock this evening. Hut tea has just been served out. Some of the men's provisions are exhausted, but many have considerable left yet. We commence the worst part of the journey to-night. There are about five hours in all, nearly 120 miles (though I can't find out exactly), which we will cross in sleighs. Will be under canvas one night at least. We have then about 70 miles on open flat cars. After that, to Port Arthur and Winnipeg, we will be all right. I have written the above as we have had a little diversion by the way of driving the Colonel's horse. It is his birthday."

The correspondent of *The London Advertiser*,

with the 7th Fusiliers, writing from the end of the track, says:

"We arrived at the end of the first gap about 11 o'clock. We are safely over the first

gap of 40 miles. When we left the other end yesterday (Friday) it was fine, but soon commenced to snow and the snow turned to sleet. We stopped, dried ourselves, and had supper half way west. We started again at 9 p.m. the night being pitch dark and snowing hard. We were obliged to make a wide detour to the west and through woods. Upernivik occurred every few minutes, men in some instances being thrown over the side of high banks. Many caps, mufflers, mits, side arms, and other articles were lost in the snow. In one case, a man was thrown over the side of a high bank. In another, a burro fell over a man, but no one was hurt. When we arrived here about 3 a.m., there was only one tent, and that but large enough for half of us. We were all wet, but in spite of this many of the men lay down on the snow and went to sleep. One of the men last had to be placed to force them to keep awake, and bring them to the fire to dry. Until daylight we stood wet and shivering around the fires. The men would drop asleep as they stood, only to be roused again when they were ordered to keep awake. When they came up again, but they will be unable to get any sleep before a late hour to-night, when we reach the beginning of the next gap."

" PORT ANTHUR, April 15th.

"We arrived here this morning; rode five hours on flat cars, without seats or any protection, through blinding storm. We made a night march of ten miles across the lake and slid the last gap; the snow was ankle deep, and greatly fatigued the men. The whole battalion was then packed into five second-class cars and brought here. The men are in excellent health and spirits, and anxious to get to the front. All our sick and wounded have recovered. Our suffering during the last five days have been beyond description.

One of the saddest incidents of the march was the accidental shooting of Lieutenant Morrow of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, by the careless use of a revolver. This happened about 50 miles on the farther side of Dog Lake, and Lieut. Morrow was sent back to an hospital at the latter place, accompanied by an old Grinzean soldier who had fractured his arm a day or two before. We may imagine the feelings of these men, as they rode for the first time, which they had set out, laden with painful wounds, doomed to return home by a long journey over a rough and rolling road.

"PORT ARTHUR, April 7th.

"We are making a short stop at Port Arthur, where we had a regular hotel breakfast, having had nothing worth speaking of to eat since breakfast yesterday, although we were going all day and all night, driving 30 miles on the glaring snow on Lake Superior, then removing all the baggage to the train, which took us about 10 miles; arriving at the end of the ice after dark we had to stand in rain for three hours, then on the baggage as a guard, in sleighs another ten miles over the ice, the sleighs upsetting and the horses falling every now and then, and a pouring rain, reach the train again, where we again had a breakfast, this morning, and now we do not leave the train again till we reach Winnipeg, where I shall post this. The C. P. Railroad is something wonderful, being sometimes cut on a bank of rock about 700 feet high close on the edge of the lake, almost perpendicular, cuttings 100 feet high, and several tunnels and high trestle bridges."

April 8th, 9 a.m.

Here we are at Winnipeg. There is very little snow here, but it is cold. We have been told to expect a cold, but I am unable to judge about what the thermometer indicates. I find that the night we slept on the open snow it was 25 degrees below zero, as one of the reporters had a thermometer with him. I can easily believe it because our hospital sergeant took off his mitt for a few minutes and had two fingers frozen. We have left all the summer roaches behind, but I hope to get a few like. It looks like a glimpse of what the prairie is like. It is beautiful for bicycling here, and in a few minutes I hope to take a look at the sights of Winnipeg.

This letter, I know, is most disjointed, but I am always in a hurry when writing, even now expecting the bus to sound to assemble the men after breakfast. We enjoy a meal off hard tack and green tea, minus sugar or milk, and can sleep soundly in the rain as well as amongst a singing crowd."

The Port Arthur *Sentinel* says :—

17The behavior of the volunteers through  
the difficulties of the North Shore route has  
been worthy of praise. Col. Graesser, of the  
Royal Grenadiers, avers that he never passed  
through as severe or trying work as the young  
volunteers of his regiment did. He says  
that he never saw a man sink knee-deep  
in the snow, or take the very first and  
very easy step; not to speak of the numerous other  
hardships they had to undergo. Though not  
inured to such trials, not a word of complaint  
was heard; on the contrary, their undaunted  
spirits frequently sought to cheer and  
encourage the men who were struggling  
to finish Tuesday morning, when they burst  
forth with "Rule Britannia," which was sung  
with thrilling effect. The country has indeed  
reason to be proud of her young soldiers, and can  
trust them with the most important and  
difficult. From the appearance of the  
Grenadiers it was evident that they had had no  
soft experience. Faces were sunburnt and  
discolored, eyes sore and partially swollen,  
and clothing in bad repair, a goodly number  
having, doubtless, been through a serious disaster.  
An important and expansive portion of his  
unmentionable. Getting into conversation

with some of the men it was stated that at Dog Lake, where the track ends, the trouble rather the suffering, began. The Queen's Own had pushed on that night, leaving the baggage guard behind for want of sleighs. (The guards secured teams about five next morning and followed. The march was about fifty miles, and a rough one at that. At the end of the portage they took fair care for eighty miles, the men suffering for want of food and exposure to cold. Two or three became delirious. Two were left in hospital on the road, one suffering from rupture through falling on the ice, and another from congestion of the lungs. At the last portage Col. Otter, brigade commander, was snow-blind and had to be led along. He is now recovering. The Grenadiers suffered from the cold and snow, but were not left out in the snow, as the thermometer 22° below zero. The last portage was covered by forced march during the night, and Port Arthur reached about 8 a. m."

The Winnipeg Times has the following to say of the journey of the York Rangers and Simcoe Foresters over the North Shore route to Winnipeg:—

"The exertions of the men have been similar to the other troops who came by the Lake Superior division, but despite the discomfort attendant upon the several fatiguing marches, the battalion impresses one very favorably. The men are well, and their cheerfulness, their endurance and deportment are irreproachable. They have been on the road nine days, having left Toronto a week ago Thursday last. At Jackfish Bay they overtook the 6th Battalion, and were delayed there for a few days, limited transport accommodation. The weather for many days was wet and cold, and the roads almost impassable. Although sinking deep in mud, one march of twenty-six miles was made in eight hours, and not one of the men faltered, or complained. No sickness or accident of any kind occurred, and the entire body are in splendid spirits. Upon arrival here the men were furnished breakfast at the C. P. R. dining hall. The 6th Battalion consists of 1,000 men, of the Mounted Police force, who are to form a detachment for service as scouts. The battalion, in accordance with orders from Ottawa, are to go to the barracks here for several days, and at noon the next issue for them to go into camp at the first lake. Main street just beyond the railway track."

The following is from a member of the Grenadiers, written at Dog Lake:--

"DOD LAKE, C. P. R.,  
"Thursday, 2nd April, 1 o'clock, a.m.

"MY DEAR FRIENDS"—This is actually Thursday morning, and we started on Monday. The time has gone very fast. We have come to the gap in the rail and are waiting till the sleighs come back which have transported the Queen's Own over the 40 odd miles to the reconfluence of the river. The sleighs are not yet back, but, in the meantime, as it has been uncessantly almost since we started, I can write a connected letter. Things are carried on in proper military fashion—guards at the door of every carriage, and no man allowed to go from one to another except by order. The country here is a beautiful country here, an occasional collection of log dwellings about four feet high and dug into the ground, where the railway men, who have been building the trestle bridges, etc., live. There is generally one large building at these places, where we go in by a small avenue and where there is something other than with butter flavoured with green tea, but altogether considered "a good square meal." Lots of chaff and high spirits enliven the work, which is downright hard, being turned out at night without overcoats to tramp through the snow and get half-frozen. The C. P. R. has been building half the time. The C. P. R. has been along under the track of a chain of lakes, and the woods are mostly of very tall larch, and Indian porcupine-bark wigwags, tents half buried in the snow, with a smoking stove-pipe showing, and a small canoe trail in the snow strewn mark of the loneliness of the country, which seems unending as we have been tearing along since Monday with hardly a stop. Our rations in the train have been principally bread and swamp water, and I pity the men that do not smoke. The people at the stations are all in the snow. The people at the stations are all in the snow. It is such a rare thing in Canada to see men on their way to active service of any kind. Our number, with those ahead of us, makes about 800 or 900, and there are 1,500 close behind, I believe, but we know very little new from what we hear. Telegraphs are not yet laid. The Battery, from Kingston, I hear, have been sent to

"GOOD FRIDAY.

This is all playing at soldiers. We are at present in the open, snow about four feet deep, waiting for the train to come, as we have got through our fifty-mile drive, going thirty miles an hour, in an open sleigh on seats in the daytime, for twelve hours without grub, and then having to stand for an hour and a half in line waiting for our turn at tea, chilled through to the bone, while we saw those who had finished the trip, snowdriving into the city and putting up immediately. We got into the sleighs, about twenty in number, after dark, with no lanterns, to go the remaining twenty miles by night—a rough track cut through the midst of regular Canadian back-woods—with the thermometer far below zero, but fortunately with one blanket each. Upsets and break-downs were frequent. The moon rose late, and the scene was one to be remembered, the road being lit up through the rough growth of the woods, sometimes across small lakes, and sometimes through swamps with solid rock about forty feet high on

each side, through which a baggage had been loaded. The driving of the teamsters was wonderful, and the sleighs and horses belonged to the C. P. & Co. Company, who have hundreds of men at work. When we arrived at the continuation of the railroad, half frozen, we had to carry our baggage through snow four feet deep to a large tent, which is the only thing here; then large tamarack firs were lit while day was breaking, and wrapped in a blanket, on the snow near the firs, we got some sleep; thermometer about ten degrees below zero, I supposed several flocks were foot-bitten and frozen. Our furs and guns were distributed in the shape of "hard tack" (captains' biscuits) and then parade roll call was gone through."

A telegram from Winnipeg thus announces the arrival there of the Grenadiers:—

"The Grenadiers arrived here this morning (April 8th) at six, and notwithstanding Monday night's terrible march, all are in capital condition, except a few slight colds and frost bites. The men breakfasted in the hotel, and are now viewing the city till 2 p.m., when they leave for Qu'Appelle where they will overtake the Queen's Own, who went west yesterday. From Qu'Appelle, the whole force will proceed to Middleton's present position a few miles north."

From Winnipeg on to Qu'Appelle has been described by a correspondent with the *Queen's Own* thus:—

QU'APPELLE STATION, April 9.

"Our stay at Winnipeg was one of pleasure. The men were billeted at the hotels for breakfast and dinner. The "square" meals had an enlivening effect upon the boys. They were dismissed for a short time, to enable them to see the many friends that had prepared to meet them. The boys were busy supplying themselves with articles of clothing, soap, and their friends with preparing little niceties for use on the train. Many a man in ght have been seen carrying parcels and baskets to his quarters in the train. The contingent left at 6-p.m., amid the deafening cheers of the citizens. At Portage la Prairie, we received the same hearty welcome that was tendered at all the stations on our route. Shortly after our arrival, we were informed that a concert to be given in one of the cars, under the auspices of Col. Otter and Lieut. Leach. Numerous songs were sung, and a very pleasant time was spent.

At Brandon we were very agreeably surprised by the ladies of that place, providing a nice lunch and hot coffee at the station. During the night we witnessed several prairie fires, but of no consequence. Qu'Appelle was reached at 7 a.m. The contingent was immediately put under canvas on the prairie just outside the town. The weather is very fine, making the camping very pleasant. The day was spent quietly. One detachment of "C" Company, Infantry School, under command of Major Smith, left at about noon for Touchwood Hills. The balance of the Company left a little later in the day for Swift Current.

The men settled quietly to sleep, the quiet being disturbed only by the sentries' calls every half hour. In the morning the men were up and stirring at 6 a.m. The train transporting the Grenadiers, Ottawa Body Guards, and rear detachment of the Queen's Own Rifles, left for the private Douglas, "H" Company, one of whose left at home, joined us here, armed with a magnificent Repeater, revolver and knife. He will act as a scout. Captain Smith, who was left at McKellar's harbour, is here and in good condition. The boys are glad to see him and the Grenadiers and the "W" Company. We expect to see the whole regiment in the Northwest before the campaign is over. The morning drill took place at 10 and the afternoon at 2. The boys have settled down to work, and are prepared for anything. About fifty scouts are being trained in the morning and afternoon by the troops in this campaign. We expect to be ordered to the front every day."

These are sufficient to show, not only the hardships of the way, but the uncomplaining, even jovial manner in which they were borne. It is difficult for us at home, warmly clad in furs, driving from place to place, unincumbered with anything heavier than a cane or a muff, it is difficult for us to realize the difficulties which these men have undergone by their brave volunteers. These men—free, frank, unfeigned—give us glimpses, by their delightful details and particulars, if gone into, those terrible days and nights. The very green with which the writers gloat over a comparatively warm and eatable meal tells a tale that is enough to bring a look of pity to the eyes of our gluttons. They will not say a look of envy to those of the terner sex who wanted to go but could not.

However, we need not longer dwell upon this stage of the narrative. The journey, we have seen, was no easy one, but we have also seen that it was enlivened by many circumstances, and that it was the indomitable determination of the brave fellows to see things in their best light and go through every hard-ship without grumbling. Suffice it to say that the worst was now over, and many a pleasing incident took the place of the labour and hardship.

Among such incidents were the Sunday services. A few lines in the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* transport us to the scene on Easter Sunday at Fort Q. Appelle:

As C. Q. Blosser, maybe, and I recall, femininely and masculinely, surely, in the shadows of your church spire this morning, but you haven't a bluer sky above nor a warmer air around you than we. As I write, the band of the 90th Battalion is playing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and the voices of the troops, drawn up on three sides of a square, facing inward, blend with the

brazen notes in as fervent, if not as cultured, harmony as the throats of any of your choirs can furnish."

The Montreal *Witness*, too, gives a good picture of the Sunday services :

“Marching a little way out of camp upon the prairie the troops formed in a hollow oblong, two deep. A makeshift pulpit was put up at one end, and the fife and trumpet occupied the centre. The officers stood in front of their men, and the men in front of their sergeants, and the sergeants in front of their subordinates. Five well-known hymns were heartily sung by the men—“Onward Christian Soldiers,” “Stand up, stand up for Jesus,” “My Arm is Around Thee,” “I Sing Because He Lives,” and “All People that on earth do dwell.” The accompaniment of cornets and fife was a great improvement to the musical part of the service. The young preacher then read the first chapter of the Epistle of Paul to Timothy in the second chapter of his second epistle. Altogether, the service was most impressive; and the sight of these three hundred volunteers kneeling bareheaded in the wilderness, with their eyes turned toward God in the work of rescue to which they are devoted, was enough to recall a pleasant memory of the eighteenth-century farmers of New England, bound for the fields of Lukenow.

Fort Qu'Appelle was to be the first point d'appui, and to this centre the troops pressed forward. The arrival here of the 90th Battalion is thus described by the Winnipeg Sun:—

"The march of the advance guard, under Major Bowtell, to Fort Qu'Appelle on Monday, was safely performed, and the men are now under canvas at that place. Previous to their departure from Qu'Appelle, they were placed in wagons, and forming column moved up the main street to the married strains of the band and the cheers of the inhabitants. (Once out in the country, the band was silent.) Here, too, many dark-coated figures in the wagon, contrasting with the flashing of their accoutrements and the glitter of the snowy plain. On either hand and in front, the figures of the mounted scouts could be seen ever and anon appearing and disappearing behind the bluffs, now standing like an equestrian statue on the summit of a knoll and then dashing down a ravine, or galloping up a hill, carrying the Qu'Appelle trail as the riders, and the boys had to hang on to the sides of the wagons, especially so when passing the steep and narrow ravine leading to the valley. Once on the bottom the town was reached, and but a very short time elapsed before tents were pitched and a regular camp formed. Part of the men were located in the Town Hall, but the remainder are in the barracks. At night, Fort Qu'Appelle is guarded by the Mounted Police and his lieutenant, the Hon. Maurice Gifford (brother of Lord Gifford of Ashburton fame, and who won the Laurels in Egypt) patrolled the northern trails. The people here are jubilant over the fact of this being made the base of operations instead of Regina, contending that this fact shows Qu'Appelle to be the natural capital of the Northwest. Enclosed is a list of the rationals for the men and horses. It is considered very ample provision, and no dissatisfaction is expressed as to quantity or quality of the food supplied."

DAILY RATIONS PER MAN.

Biscuit or flour.....	1½	lbs.
Cooked meats.....	1½	lbs.
Or bacon.....	1½	lbs.
Tea.....	1	oz.
Sugar.....	2	oz.
Salt.....	1	oz.
Pepper.....	1-32	oz.
Beans.....	½	lb.
Baking powder.....		
Tobacco.....		

With this we must for the present leave the account of how fared the force in its arduous journey westward, and consider more closely its leaders and its composition.

## THE FORCE

General Middleton first calls upon our notice. Major-General Frederick D. Middleton is the son of the late Major-General Charles Middleton of the English army. He was educated at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and obtained his first commission as ensign on December 30th, 1842. He saw his first active service in New Zealand, where some of the chiefs who had signed a treaty accepting English rule, had broken faith, and had in 1844, broken out in insurrection and destroyed an English settlement on the south coast. It was in 1846 that this general, then an ensign, arrived on the scene, and a short time afterwards took part in the attack upon Waikanae. After the close of the war in 1848, he was sent to India to assist in the operations against the rebellious. It was, however, during that critical period for England's Empire in the east, the time of the Sepoy rebellion of 1857-1858, that General Middleton distinguished himself. In the expedition for the famous relief of Lucknow, he served as orderly officer to General Havelock, and was present at the battle of the gorge, and in the many engagements which occurred during the advance. During that week of hard fighting which preceded the capture of the city, General Middleton, who had become an aide-de-camp to General Lugard, distinguished himself for bravery, where all were brave, and for gallantry, in his gallant saving of Rukh's house and the Montiniere, he was rewarded with the brevet of major. Lucknow was in the possession of the British on the 15th



THE ATTACK ON THE REBELS AT FISH CREEK.

(See Page 17.)

TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING CO.



of March, but officers were allowed little rest, and on the 15th of the next month, April, the General, then captain and a staff officer to Sir Edward Loring, took a leading part in one skirmish with the rebels at Anaghur, where, for the personal bravery he displayed, and for his heroic conduct in risking his own life to save those of comrades, he was recommended by General Loring to Lord Clyde for the Victoria Cross. The story of his heroism is as follows: Captain Middleton was commanded by General Loring to take command of a troop of the military train in an attack upon a large force of the rebels. In a desperate charge, in which the Third Sikh Cavalry took part, Lieutenant Hamilton, of the troop, fell from his horse. Some Sepoy rushed at him to cut him to pieces, when Captain Middleton and another officer named Murphy rushed to the aid of the wounded officer, and, killing some of his assailants, drove off the rest, and defended him until he was carried off the field. Within an hour of that gallant act, a private named Fox was unhorsed and wounded, and Captain Middleton came to his aid, and after driving off his assailants, carried him to safety, and placing the wounded man on his own horse brought him into camp. In 1861, General Middleton came to Canada as major of the twenty-ninth regiment, sent out here during the Trent affair. The station of the corps was at Hamilton. While in Canada he married Miss Dore, a member of a well known family of Montreal. After serving for ten years on the staff of General Wyndham, he left Canada on the withdrawal of the British troops. He then received the appointment of the commandant of the Royal Military College, where he had studied. In November last, just in time to prevent his retirement, under the new rules, for active service, he was appointed to the command of the militia of Canada on retirement of General Loring.

A correspondent writes thus of General Middleton's activity while in the field:— "The General roughed it the same as the men. He is up in the morning at five o'clock, and is always first on parade; in the middle all day, spends about two hours at the telegraph wire directing the movements of his different divisions and Government business, answers his letters, and directs everything else—in fact, until he reaches Hamilton, he never gets to bed before 11 a.m., and during most of the time he has had a hard job, but is getting over it now. He is greatly pleased with all the men, and thinks they have done wonders, but he does not take much stock in newspaper men, although he is willing to give what information they can that he thinks will interest the public; but as to telling us what he is going to do, or what his plans are, nothing."

He thinks, it will be seen, no ordinary man, and General Middleton has further added to his fame by the splendid manner in which he has conducted the operations against the rebellious half-breeds. His eminently practical turn of mind was exemplified in every detail of the campaign, one of the most characteristic, perhaps, being some of his first orders concerning the 90th. It is reported that when he arrived at Winnipeg he enquired of Captain Gauthier what kind of men composed the 90th Battalion of this city. The captain said they were pretty good stuff, and proceeded to explain that several of the men distinguished themselves in the battle of the 19th of March. "Then, Winnipeg," says the General, "think much of that. Will soon say whether they are the right kind of material to do business with. But I tell you it's a very different thing to make crack shots at Winnipeg, who are the crackmen here down or assumes any other position, than it is to do so on the field, when the target is firing back at the crack shot."

Of the General's staff, the first person to notice is Lord Melgund.

Lord Melgund, Private Secretary to the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Governor-General, is the eldest son of the Earl of Minto, whose family name is Elliot, and whose family seat, Minto, is situated in one of the most picturesque parts of Teviotdale. Minto is mentioned by Scott in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and by Lyndon in the "Scenes of Infancy." The family is an ancient and an honorable one. Two centuries ago it was sung as

"The Elliotts, brave and worthy men."

It is a family that can count among its kith and kin men who were "married to foreign wars and feudal quarrels," such is the resolute Walter Haughton and Dorsetton, son of Lakeland, and the heroic Lord Elliot, whose challenge of "Win their medals at me" has been evermore in song and adopted as the motto of the British Mounted Volunteers—a troop of mounted men of which Lord Melgund is the worthy major. Lord Hatfield, the illustrious descendant of Valentin, was like wise a member of the clan, and so was Admiral Elliot, the conqueror of the "Tiger" at Cebu. Lord Melgund's kith and kin have been on the sea and land, there were amongst them powerful poets, and some successful diplomatists. One of them is the late Governor of New York in the old American day, and the first Earl of Minto held the office of Governor-General of India. At present his Lordship's brother, the Hon. A. D. Elliot, represents the County of

Roxburgh in the House of Commons. Several members of the family have adorned the bench and the bar, and more than one of them have been poets of renown, for instance, Miss Jane Elliot, authoress of the "Flowers of the Forest." Lord Melgund himself has, in several capacities, like the stock from which he has sprung—"brave and worthy men"—gained a name in arms, and in the peaceful paths of literature; whilst as a sportsman he has already a long and brilliant career. During his school days at Eton and Cambridge, he was noted for his athletic achievements. As a gentleman, he has ridden and won many a step-chase, and has even ridden many a winning race under the assumed name of Mr. Roddy. His lordly bearing as an equestrian was greatly admired when, at the head of the Mounted Volunteers, he rode past the Queen at a great review in the Queen's Park, Edinburgh, two years ago. Lord Melgund began his military career when he was twenty-two years of age, by joining the Scots Fusilier Guards. His Lordship has braved the dangers of the battlefield, and seen many a sanguinary conflict in different lands. He was in Paris during the first days of the Commune, and acted as correspondent of the *Forwards* in the trenches of the Carlist army in Navarre. He was on the staff of General Lennox, the British military attaché with the Turkish army, and was present when the Russians bombarded the forts of Nickopolis. He served a while with Khoub Pasha during the same campaign. During this campaign he had a narrow escape from being shot by some Bashibazouks near the Bridge of Biela. As a volunteer, Lord Melgund served his Queen and country under Roberts in the Afghan war. His last scene of warfare was in Egypt. He there held the position of captain in the Mounted Infantry. He was wounded at Mazyar, and rejoined the corps two days afterwards at Tel-el-Kebir. He afterwards commanded the Mounted Infantry at Cairo until they were disbanded at the conclusion of the war. On his return to Minto House from Egypt, he was entertained to a banquet at Hawick by the border Mounted Volunteers, of which he is commanding officer. Three years ago he held an article in the *Westminster Gazette* on the subject of "Newspaper Correspondents in the Field." Lord Melgund married, in 1883, Miss Mary Caroline Grey, youngest daughter of the late General Grey, and sister to Mr. Albert Grey, M.P., for Northumberland.

General Strange's chief part in the campaign was the defence of Edmonton. His force consisted of the 15th Central, 42nd, 142nd, 150th, 200th of Col. Osborne Smith's Light Infantry Battalion from Winnipeg; 60 scouts, and 50 Mounted Police under Inspector Steele. He and his ancestors have been notable and interesting individuals. In *The Scot in British America* an allusion to Robert Strange, afterwards Sir Robert, the father of English emigrants, an art which he developed when an exile in Italy, following the broken fortunes of the House of Stuart. Having previously fought at the battle of Culloden, in the body-guard of the prince, he was attainted and sought refuge in the house of Miss Lamont, his affianced bride. While at her father's house, he and his soldiers appeared in the courtyard, and the officer entered to seize the body of the traitor Strange, as he was termed, by proclamation. His fiancée, with womanly promptitude, lifted the enormous hoops which extended the dresses of the period and placed her lover in safety beneath them, while she remained in the courtyard, occupying the day long air on the spindle. The direct descendants of Sir Robert Strange and his wife Lamont have been gallant and distinguished soldiers, men of science and men of letters. Col. Strange, Madras Cavalry, subsequently employed on the survey in India, and an inspector of scientific instruments; Admiral Strange, (whose son, Lt. Col. Vernon Strange, went down in the ill-fated *Esmeralda*); Major Charles John Strange, R.A., distinguished in the Crimea, all sons and grandsons of Sir Thomas Strange (son of Sir Robert); Judge in the Hon. East India Service. This branch of the family remained in the mother country. Two collateral branches settled in Canada. One branch, the late Col. M. W. Strange, who served in the rebellion of 1837-38, in the Kingston Volunteer Rifles, was representative of the city in the Ontario Parliament, police magistrate and district paymaster, brother-in-law of Sir A. Campbell, and Dr. O. S. Strange, ex-mayor, and now a veterinary surgeon, were the descendants. The last branch to settle in Canada has done so in the person of Major General Strange, an officer on the Royal Artillery. The Army List says he served in India in 1857-58, and was present at the actions of Chondra, Sultapore and Dhaworra, siege and capture of Lucknow, actions of Koorse, Nawabpore, Serangoon, affairs of 23rd and 29th July, passage of the Guntur at Sultapore, including affairs of 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th August, and Doodpore, 20th October. In all, he served in thirteen engagements, was mentioned four times in despatches, and wears a medal and clasp. He represents an old military family of Scotch origin, and in the maternal line descent can be traced from Charles Martel and Charlemagne through a long line of warriors. On the evacuation of Quebec in 1871, Col. Strange was commissioned to form and command the first garrison of Canadian artillery. He established upon engineering foundations, the schools of gunnery in which so many have been trained for service in different capacities, and especially as artillerymen, and the efficiency of the batteries now at the front is largely owing to the fact that the Government has adopted the more important recommendations which he, as inspector of artillery, has seen fit to make. He is a man of marked will power, a disciplinarian, and yet

one whose commands are not unkindly enforced. But once, while in command of a battery, was he called upon to act the soldier's part in earnest, and that was during the labor riots in Quebec. He acted with a courage and coolness then which showed how well fitted he was for action in an emergency. The Major-General went to Kingston at the time the batteries were transferred in June, 1880. In the spring of 1882 he got his promotion, and soon after left the service. He was chief factor in the organization of the Military Colonization Company, whose march is about 33 miles from Calgary. His wife, and the younger members of the family did not leave for their new home, "Nemoka," until last year. His children numbered six, of whom four are living. Two sons accompanied him to the North-west—Harry Bland Strange and Alexander Wilmet Strange. The former is a graduate of the Royal Military College, and the latter of the Ontario Agricultural College.

One of the most noteworthy of the principal characters of the late rebellion, and one of whom, ere we come to the end, we shall hear much, is an American—Captain Howard, a native son from Hartford, Conn. Captain Howard is a stout, dark complexioned man of about 30, full of dry humour, with an excellent memory of amusing anecdotes, a fast thinker, losing no time in making up his mind to do a thing, and perfectly cool and collected in the doing of it. An incident is told of him very typical of his character: Having issued an order to a subordinate, and seeing signs of hesitation in the performance of it, without a word the captain took the law into his own hands, and with a well-dealt blow, unaccompanied by a single syllable, he showed the hesitating subordinate by a somewhat painful process what he thought of hisitition.

The Gatlings commanded by Captain Howard were borrowed for the occasion from the United States Government. The order happened to arrive in the very nick of time, for the guns are usually made only to order, and Captain Howard asserts that had the request of the Canadian Government arrived some ten minutes later, there would not have been a gun obtainable, as the American authorities were just issuing orders for every Gatling in stock.

One of these Gatling guns is of a comparatively old pattern, with the ten barrels all exposed, only capable of firing six or seven hundred rounds in a minute, and with a very limited vertical play. The other is of the very latest style, and has a sub-machine, and is capable of firing—what Capt. Howard thinks is anything but an improvement, making them difficult to clean if they do happen to get dirty. This instrument fires no less than one thousand five hundred rounds a minute, and can be pointed almost vertically up—to throw lead into a fort, for instance, or almost vertically down, to destroy a building, or a high bank, or wall. Gatlings are only turned out to order—the manufacturers being the Colts Company at Hartford, Connecticut. Being intended as auxiliary to an infantry force, they are made to fire the same cartridges used by the men's rifles; and almost every nation uses a different cartridge. The two guns now here were made for the delivery of cartridges of the United States army. The gauge, too, varies according to the country for which the gun is wanted, the wheel track on the roads of some countries being wider than that of others. The gun and limber weight altogether only 1,500 pounds, the gun-carriage of one has a capacity of 7,000 rounds of ammunition, which weighs 119 pounds the thousand; the other carriage takes 4,000 rounds. These two guns are only borrowed by the Government for use until two new ones, both of the more improved pattern, can be delivered—in, say, two or three months. By that time it is to be hoped the "North-western Field Force" will have no more use for Gatling or any other sort of guns.

The first attempt at drill with these novel weapons was amusing. The horses purchased by Captain Norman, Mounted Police supply officer, took so unkindly to the strange vehicle behind them, that after dancing for a dozen yards, one of them became quite uncontrollable. The men danced, the worse he got mixed up in his harness, and at last the pole was smashed, the gun carriage was thrown over, and it took half a dozen men to get the mischievous animal away to a place of retreat and disgrace. After this incident two of the battery's own horses were harnessed; the evolutions proceeded with something like order, and a little firing practice was gone through on the shores of a neighbouring slough, resulting in the slaughter of a few ducks. But even the regular battery horses showed a decided objection to their new load.

Captain French's scouts were a fine body of men, well deserving a few words. They were well equipped, 18 reloader Remington, cartridge belt, revolvers, buckskin coats, etc. They preceded the expedition. Only two half-breeds were among them, the remainder being Europeans. Neither must we forget the transport service. S. L. Bodson, warden of the Manitoba Penitentiary, has charge of this, and had it thoroughly organized. There were 350 teams divided into right and left divisions, each of which was sub-divided into sub-divisions of ten teams under a head teamster. They paid about \$7 per day for the teams and the drivers found their food and forage. Mr. Bodson was ably assisted by J. H. E. Secreten.

The following were the orders issued by Warden Bodson:—

"The transport service will consist of two divisions.

"The first division will be in charge of J. H. E. Secreten.

"The second division will be in charge of Thos. Lusted.

"Sub-divisions of ten teams will be placed in charge of a head teamster, who will be held responsible by transport officers in charge of divisions.

"Drivers will obey the orders of the head teamsters of their sub-divisions.

"When on the move, sub-divisions will keep together as much as practicable, and head teamsters must see that, in emergencies, teams must assist each other, doubling-up if necessary, in ascending hills or crossing soft places.

"Each head teamster will be supplied with cooking kit for ten men; he will appoint one of his drivers as cook, a mess of ten teams being formed for each sub-division.

"During the preparation of meals head teamsters will detail in regular order one driver, who will feed and take care of the cook's team.

"Troops, when occupying seats in wagons, will be governed by the orders of the transport staff, as approved by the Major-General commanding, and must assist transport corps in every possible manner, and especially when ascending hills, or crossing soft places.

"Spare wagon-poles, whiff-trees, neck-yokes, etc., will be supplied to each sub-division.

"In event of any breakage, head teamsters in charge of sub-divisions will be held responsible for no unnecessary delay occurs."

The teamsters, too, it must be remembered, had to be drilled, for order and discipline were as necessary in their marches as in those of the troops. The chief of the order was in charge to form what Warden Bodson called "a north-west zaria," the chief object of which was to prevent a stampede of the animals in case of surprise. The plan was to have twenty-five wagons arranged in a square, and opposite the interiors, in the outer lines other wagons, while through the front wheels of the inner twenty-five, strong picket-ropes, with double hitchers round the spokes of the wheels, run.

The transport service had no light duties to perform. Over 600,000 pounds of ammunition had been shipped to the West, and 2,000 sets of accoutrements. Armour & Co., of Chicago, received orders from Ottawa for 225,000 pounds of canned meat for shipment to Winnipeg, of which had to be transported westwards, to say nothing of the hay. This cost the Government, delivered at Clark's Crossing from Qu'Appelle, \$400 per ton; the freight from Qu'Appelle to Clark's Crossing was \$220 per ton. The Government paid \$20 per ton. Five hundred tons per month are being consumed.

## PROGRESS OF THE RISING.

The first unlawful acts committed by the rebels were breaking into the settlement store kept by George Carr, and sacking the store kept by Walters & Baker. In all cases the rebels took what goods they found, and then made prisoners of the storekeepers. The object of the rebels seemed to strike at the Dominion Government, as they imprisoned all the government officials and clerks they could lay hands on. Riel sent couriers up to White Cap to induce him to join them. He said he was going to clean out the white settlement at Prince Albert. Soon after this occurred the more definite outbreak at Duck Lake, which we have already noticed.

This was closely followed by the burning and evacuation of Fort Carlton by Colonel Irvine and his Mounted Police. Despatches from Winnipeg, dated the 22nd of March, brought authentic news of this. Colonel Irvine, with 200 police and volunteers, left the post on the previous Friday, after burning the stores and other supplies likely to fall into the hands of the rebels. An evacuation was rendered necessary from lack of provisions to supply the increased force and the exposed character of the post. Colonel Irvine went to Prince Albert, as being easier to defend and a larger settlement.

Despatches dated a day later, showed danger increasing in the vicinity of Battleford. Battleford is situated on the Battle River, within two miles of its confluence with the North Saskatchewan, and is a thriving village of 300 inhabitants, until recently the seat of Territorial Government, and even yet the headquarters of a troop of Mounted Police and a number of officials of the Government. The high banks of the Battle River, which clearly mark it in its upper stretches, recede from the stream as it passes through the village and leave a low, rich "flat," which stretches from the village to the Saskatchewan. Mr. McKay, agent of the Hudson Bay Company there, telegraphed on March 31st: "The half-breeds and Indians are plundering our stores. With the Indian agent venturing out of the barracks to remonstrate with them, when we were fired upon by the Indians and half-breeds. They tried to cut us off on our way back to the barracks, but we succeeded in getting back safely." A subsequent despatch from Battleford stated that the Indians had killed two farm instructors. Another private despatch stated that the half-breeds about Battleford had joined the Indians and were in possession of all the stores and buildings outside the barracks. The men in the barracks, it was believed, had sufficient arms and ammunition for their numbers, and could hold out till relieved. The half-breeds expected to be relieved from Duck Lake. The Stony Indians joined the others, and killed several men. The buildings on the south side were burned, including the Hudson Bay store and Government buildings. The Indians seized all the cattle along the settlement. The Stony Indians on the reserve nearest Battleford were quiet. The rising made the situation very critical. Colonel Herchmer left Regina for

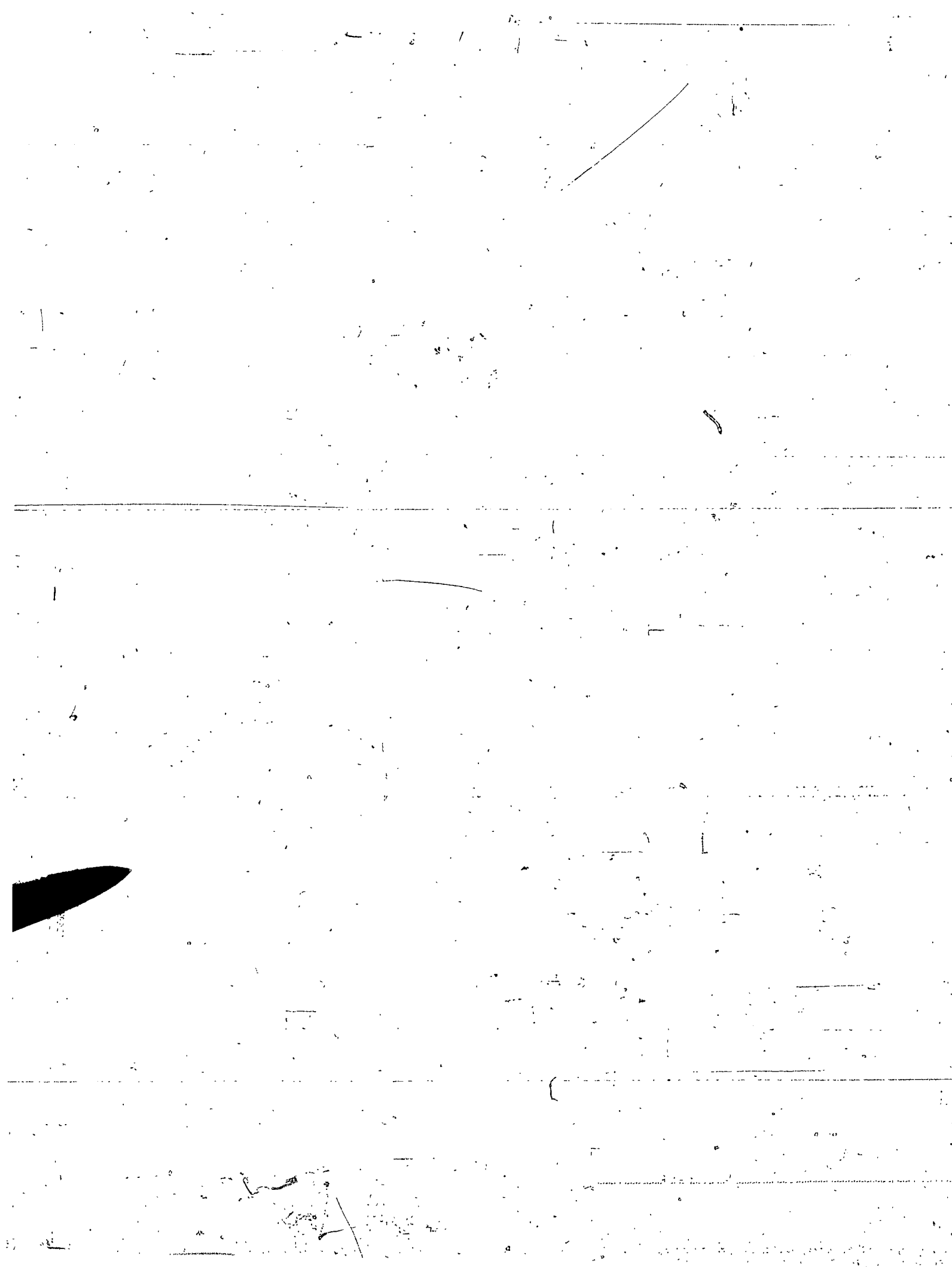




1 LT COL MILLER  
2 LT COL DENISON  
3 LT COL VAN STRAUSENIE  
4 MAJOR JAMVIS  
5 MAJOR MC KEAND  
6 LT COL O'BRIEN  
7 LT COL WILLIAMS  
8 LIEUT HOWARD (GARDING BATTERY)  
9 SUPT CROSSIER N.V.M.F.  
10 LT COL DUNN, M.P. 65th BATT RIFLES  
11 LT COL DEACON 45th BATT INFANTRY  
12 LT COL MONTAGNA 45th BATT INFANTRY  
13 LT COL DITTON (ARTY SCHOOL OF INFANTRY) 1st BATT  
14 MAJOR-GEN. STRANGE, R.A.

MAJOR-GENERAL MIDDLETON, C.B.,  
ADJUTANT-GENERAL WALKER POWELL, AND VARIOUS COMMANDING OFFICERS OF THE NORTH-WEST FIELD FORCE.

15 LT COL BOULTON  
16 LT COL GRASSETT  
17 MAJOR GEN MIDDLETON  
18 CAPTAIN DUNCAN  
19 LT COL TYNHOFF, M.P.  
20 LT COL BOULTON  
21 COLONEL WALKER POWELL  
22 LT COL SCOTT  
23 LT COL HOUGHTON  
24 LT COL IRVINE  
25 LT COL LORD MELLOR  
26 CAPTAIN TODD



Battleford via Swift Current with seventy Mounted Police and one cannon.

Indeed, affairs in all directions now began to look threatening. The Indians surrounding Battleford suddenly went off, it was true, but merely to plunder the outlying and deserted farms. Nearly all the Saskatchewan Indians were ready for pillage and looting. It was feared that further delay would have little chance to reach Battleford. The worst fears were also now entertained for Fort Pitt, as only twenty-five police and a few soldiers were stationed there, and nothing had been heard from them for several days. Communication, too, was cut off with Prince Albert. The mail route between Swift Current and Battleford could not be opened. Big Bear's band and the Fort Pitt Indians joined Riel. Montana half-breeds were also said to be taking part in the movement. Many settlers at Saskatoon and other places abandoned their homesteads, leaving everything to the Indians, who plundered and destroyed everything in their path. Settlers arriving at Fort Qu'Appelle, from the north, reported that their march at night was lit up at stretches with the burning barns and houses.

A courier reported Prince Albert entirely surrounded, and Col. Irvine and Major Crozier with the police, hemmed in by a vastly superior force. The Touchwood Indians were said to have been greatly excited, and it was feared that they would leave the troops on their progress north. Indeed rumours now spread rapidly. It was estimated that Riel had between fifteen hundred and two thousand men at his command. It is also firmly believed that he was receiving aid from the other side, as some men had been seen with him who are not half-breeds, Indians, but men of the west, entirely unacquainted with the country. It was also actually rumoured that he had received a consignment of dynamite.

All such reports, however, we may for the present dismiss; for events sufficiently soon became serious enough in themselves to call for speedy action, without the aid of exciting rumours.

Our attention now must be directed to Frog Lake, to the north-west of Fort Pitt. It is a beautiful settlement, the lake itself being a small sheet of water, the largest of a chain of small lakes which empties into the Saskatchewan at Fort Pitt, some forty miles to the south-east. Frog Lake is 120 miles from Battleford. There is a good deal of small timber, sufficient to justify the erection of a sawmill.

Here was enacted what is now known as the massacre of Frog Lake. One report stated that on April 22nd the Indians at Frog Lake invited Indian Agent T. T. Quinn and others to a conference in their camp, and that at the meeting they entered, and that those killed were Agent Quinn, Fathers Fafard and La Marchand, Instructor Delaney, Mr. and Mrs. Gowanlock, John Miles, Mr. Charles Gouin, and others, making eleven in all. Another, that the Indians entered Gowanlock's house, and without saying a word, deliberately shot him dead. A third report raised the rifle at the same time. W. G. Gilchrist, when Mrs. Gowanlock, rushing forward, pinioned his arms by crouching him around the body. He shook her off and fired, killing her instantly, and shot Gilchrist immediately after. Charles Gouin, another of the victims, was employed by the Indian Department as a carpenter. Quinn, the Indian agent, was married to a Creole woman, who, it is presumed, was cognizant of the intended murder. Williscraft was a plasterer. The body of Payne, the murdered farm instructor, was found on the floor of his house, being deluged with blood. Barney Tremont, the Belgian rancher, was found dead beside his wagon, one hand clasp ing a wrench, the other holding a loaded revolver. Two bullet holes ran through his head, and an arrow was found in his breast. The Rev. Father Fafard was born in Berthier, where his parents are believed to be now residing. His education was completed at L'Assomption College, whence he went about nine years ago to take part in the mission work of the north-west. He was well known, and has been described as possessing a singularly amiable disposition, and extraordinary facility in learning languages. He was attached to the Battleford mission, which is included in the diocese of Bishop Grandet, of Prince Albert. His duties were the ordinary duties of a Catholic priest, in addition to which he probably undertook the tuition of the children of his flock, said to have consisted of whites, half-breeds and Indians.

The final and authentic news was that Mrs. Gowanlock was not killed, but carried off as a captive. The priests were beaten to death and their bodies then burned. The Indians were very bloodthirsty. They burned the buildings at Frog Lake, and compelled all the people to attend church, where the victims and murderers met together. They shot ten white settlers after the service. The victim, Frank Smart, had, for one so young, been a very successful business man, being only 23 years of age. He opened a shop in Battleford in partnership with Mr. Marjolin, and afterwards was, for two years, manager of Alexander Macdonald's store. Later he had been manager for Mahaffy & Clinick. He married, a year ago last June, Miss Donovan, of Scotland, and leaves one child, a boy. He was a bright, energetic fellow, full of life, and a great favourite. He was buried with military honours.

The news of this blooded produced a feeling of intense anxiety, which was manifested on every hand, many believing that the massacre at Frog Lake might be repeated at any moment at Saddle Lake, or Fort Pitt.

This uneasy feeling was not without grounds, and to Fort Pitt we must now turn. Fort Pitt is situated on the north-west of the Saskatchewan, 30 miles north-west from Battleford, and 204 miles east from Edmonton by the

trail running along the north side of the river. It is situated on a low, rich hill, which lies from 12 to 15 feet above the river level, and which runs back about one-half a mile to where it meets the high, rolling country that stretches away on all sides in the rear of the post.

The fort consists of several log buildings arranged in a low square, and was formerly enclosed by a stockade with bastions on the corners, but as this was removed some years ago, it now lies unprotected in the midst of some cultivated fields surrounded by common rail fences.

It has been for many years in charge of Factor William McKay. The Indians at the Fort Pitt agency at the end of December were as follows:

Big Bear, with a band of 520, located nowhere in particular, but spending most of his time roaming about between Fort Pitt and Battleford.

See-kas-kootch, with a band of 176, located at Onion Lake.

Pay-moo-tay-a-soo, with a band of 28, located at Onion Lake.

Stee-kas, with 18, at Onion Lake.

Thunder Companion, with 5, at Onion Lake.

Wec-mis-ti-coo-seah-was, with 113, at Frog Lake.

O-ne-pow-lay, with 73, at Frog Lake.

Pus-keah-ke-win, with 31, at Frog Lake.

Ke-see-win, with 149, at Long Lake.

Chip-wagan, with 120, at Cold Lake.

In all, there are in the agency about 1,200 Indians.

The first news of any disaster at this spot was received by a despatch to Clark's Crossing from Battleford, saying that messengers just returned to the latter place from Fort Pitt brought intelligence of its capture. This was on April 21st. Still no authentic news came. The fugitives had been out five days, and should have been at Battleford, from whence despatches, it was thought, might have been received. The trip from Pitt to Battleford should have been made in, at most, three days. It was thought that the Indians, finding very little provisions at the fort, set out after the boats attacked them, either capturing the fugitives or forcing them to take shelter in the bush on the opposite bank. However, on April 22nd, five of the Mounted Police from Fort Pitt arrived all safe at Battleford and gave the following information:—

"In the attack by the Indians, one policeman was killed and one wounded. All the rest of the people took refuge in the camp of friendly Indians. Mrs. Gowanlock, previously said to have been killed, was alive and with Mrs. Delaney, prisoners of the Indians. The police, twenty-one in number, had a fight with about three hundred Indians of Big Bear's and Little Bear's bands. One policeman, D. G. Cowan, son of Wm. Cowan, Ottawa, was killed, and one lawyer, of Halifax, was wounded. Four Indians were killed. The Indians then ran away.

"McLean, of the Hudson Bay Company, with his family, left Fort Pitt the day before the battle. He had a parley with the Indians; who said they only wanted to kill the police. The police had all the arms and ammunition they required. The friendly Indians, who were the hands of See-kas-kootch (or See-kas-kootch), Pay-moo-tay-a-soo (or Pem-mee-tah-shoo), Sweet Grass, and Thunder Companion. See-kas-kootch is a Cree, and has a following of 170 souls. Pay-moo-tay-a-soo, as his name indicates, is quite as much a Blackfoot as a Cree, being like Poundmaker, cross-bred. He has a following of 28. For some time he was busy about settling on a reserve, but through the persuasion of the late, Thos. Quinn, who perished in the Frog Lake massacre, he was induced to go to work on a portion of See-kas-kootch's reserve, and he had since been well satisfied and well-behaved. Sweet Grass (who must not be confused with Young Sweet Grass, the head of the Battleford agency), was a Cree and his band numbers only 18. Thunder Companion is also a Cree, and has a following of only 5. These Indians, numbering in all only 221 souls, were very poor and not any too well able to take care of themselves, to say nothing of protecting settlers from some of the most powerful bands of Cree to be found anywhere in the north. They were all located at Onion Lake, near Fort Pitt. There is a Church of England Mission School at Onion Lake, and the bands of Indians already mentioned have about 300 acres under cultivation. Last season their crops were very disappointing, however, and they did not have much that was edible in the autumn. Big Bear had been prowling about this agency all through winter, and, like the rest of the Cree, brought up from Cypress Mountain, he had done little else than make trouble since he came north.

Still this was vague and satisfied no one. Indeed, Sir John Macdonald, in the House on the night of the 28th of April, was very cautious in his remarks on this subject. "I beg to state," he said, "that there is too much reason to believe that the rumours of the disaster of Fort Pitt is true, but they are not fully confirmed. They come from Battleford. They are vague in their nature, and therefore I do not think it will be well to consider the feelings of those who are interested in the various people who are there, to speak more specifically, because all the reports are rumours as yet. But they have come from various sources, and therefore we must believe that a calamity has occurred, but to what extent I am not able to form an opinion. The moment I receive further information it will be laid before the House."

On the following day a despatch to the Edmonton Bay authorities at Winnipeg from Battleford gave an account of the Fort Pitt disaster. It stated that Chief Factor McLean, with his

family, staff, and other whites, were prisoners. The following is given as the manner in which Chief Factor McLean came to be in the Indians' camp:—"When Big Bear took up his position before Fort Pitt, Chief Factor McLean went into his camp to persuade him, if possible, to abandon the idea of attacking the fort. McLean, like other H. B. Co. officers, had always been very influential with the Cree, and was evidently under the impression that, at least so far as he was concerned personally, he had nothing to fear. Instead of treating with him, however, Big Bear promptly made him his prisoner, and then compelled him to write a letter to his friends inside the fort, advising the civilians to come to him in Big Bear's camp as prisoners, rather than be killed in the intended attack on the garrison. The police were also told to lay down their arms and leave, and on condition they did this, they were promised that they would not be molested. The civilians followed the advice contained in McLean's letter, but Inspector Dickens gallantly determined on fighting to the end against enormous odds, rather than secure the personal safety of himself and his men at the cost of a surrender or an ignominious retreat. Soon after the settlers had given themselves up as prisoners, Little Bear, Big Bear, and about 100 of their followers, made an assault on the garrison. The fight was fast and furious while it lasted, and for a time it looked as though Inspector Dickens and his gallant little band of twenty would be overpowered, but the coolness and pluck of the garrison ultimately triumphed, and the Indians were driven off with a loss of four killed on the spot and several others wounded. On the side of the police, Constable Cowan was killed and Constable Lombay wounded. The victory of Inspector Dickens and his handful of men gave time for a comparatively safe and thoroughly honourable retreat. The settlers had been driven off, and the police, which they were able to afford them, and nothing remained for him but to save his force and keep his surplus ammunition and supplies from falling into the hands of the Cree. Fitting up a York boat, they provisioned it for the journey, and then destroying everything in the shape of supplies and ammunition, which they could not take with them, they started down the river and, after a tedious journey, arrived at Battleford with anxious watching, exposure, and fatigue, but otherwise safe and well.

We must now return to the advance of our troops.

## THE ADVANCE.

A very few words will suffice to give the reader a clear conception of the plan of advance adopted by the Major-General commanding. He was left absolutely free to conduct the campaign as he thought best; and everything was subordinated to his wishes.

General Middleton then mapped out the following mode of operations:—"The 90th Battalion, 304 men; 'C' Company, Toronto School of Infantry, 40 men; Royal Grenadiers, 250 men; 'A' Battery, Quebec, 120 men; Winnipeg Field Battery, 62 men; Capt. French's column, 25 men; Col. Boulton's volunteers, 60 men, and were to march from Fort Qu'Appelle to the Little Touchwood Hills, the Big Touchwood Hills, Alkali Plains, through Huma-boldt, to meet the South Saskatchewan at Clark's Crossing. From thence we shall follow him in due course.

Second, Colonel Otter, with the Queen's Own Rifles, the Queen's Own Foot Guards, 'C' Company Infantry School, and 'B' Battery, were to proceed by rail to Swift Current, and then march as rapidly as possible due north across the South Saskatchewan, to the relief of Battleford.

Third, Major-General Strange, with the right wing of the 6th and 7th Regiments of Scouts, was to march from Calgary towards Edmonton; making forced marches through Lone Pines and Red River.

Fourth, the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer Northcoast was to leave Medicine Hat for Swift Current, thence (as she was not required for the troops) to convey supplies, etc., etc., and to co-operate with General Middleton's column.

Perhaps it will be material to a better understanding of the advance, to go back a little in the history of the quelling of the rebellion and take a general glance at the movements of the troops. It will be remembered that the various battalions started at very different dates, and that while some were en route on the way to the Touchwood some were already on the point of starting from their headquarters. This will be brought more forcibly to our minds if we note the points at which the various corps have arrived on any one day. Let us take April the 8th—barely ten days from the first calling out of the troops. On this day, the 6th and 7th Regiments of Scouts, the advance guard of the Queen's Own and G Infantry Company, with Col. Otter in command, were on their way to Qu'Appelle from Winnipeg; the rear guard of the Queen's Own and the Grenadiers had just arrived at Winnipeg; and were about to leave for Qu'Appelle; the Ottawa sharpshooters also had caught the Grenadiers up en route and arrived at Winnipeg with them; the York Rangers and Simcoe Foresters, under command of Col. O'Brien, had marched the 20 miles across Lake Superior yesterday, and were on the cars at McEldon's Bay; Col. Williams' 2nd Battalion, marching in a variety of the first gait at Big Lake, and pushing on with the least possible delay; the Body

Guards passed Mattawa early that morning, at the same time that the 7th Fusiliers from London, Ont., left Peterboro'; and the 7th Fusiliers had passed through Toronto on the preceding evening.

This is sufficient to give us a glimpse into some of the extreme difficulties attending the hurried transportation of troops from so many and widely separated localities to a common centre, with only such means of conveyance as the unfinished state of the Canada Pacific Railway permitted.

We cannot afford, however, to dwell longer upon this aspect of the campaign, and must proceed to the advance proper.

First we will consider General Middleton's advance.

When the General's troops reached Touchwood, the entire force was consolidated for the march across the salt plains. The order of the march was as follows:—"Scouts thrown out about a mile each side of the road; a half company as advance guard; one full battery, the main body of troops, baggage, one gun, rear guard; and during a halt a square was formed surrounded by the wagons, which may be called a zarba.

General Middleton's plans now were to make with all possible speed for Prince Albert via Clark's Crossing and Huma-boldt. It was not to Clark's Crossing it is unnecessary to speak in detail. It was accomplished with the utmost despatch, the General hurrying forward with such troops as he had, and the rest doing their best to catch up to him. A regular sprint was put on for the last 36 miles. On April 17th, General Middleton, with one full battery, the very under Capt. Drury, forty men of 'C' Company, Major Smith and Lieutenant Scott, and twenty scouts under Capt. French, started for this point at 7 a.m. to secure the ferry. The infantry men were carried in wagons. The march was made in eight hours, a distance of 36 miles by trail. The weather was very cold with snow during the forenoon. The wind was blowing a gale. The horses had no hay for 24 hours previous to the march, and none till the arrival. The men fared but little better, as through some blunder no rations were sent with them. Taking everything into consideration it was a remarkable march. The remainder of the troops arrived between on the following day, and on the day after this (April 19), the 10th Royal Grenadiers having also entered the camp, Gen. Middleton issued the following to the men:—"The whole force having now joined, the Major-General commanding wishes to address a few words to them prior to advancing. In the first place, he wishes to thank them all, from the senior officers down, and all other officials, for the cheerfulness with which they have borne the really hard work and terrible weather, for the splendid marching they have made under numerous difficulties, and for their general good conduct. Regarding the march, he has about to meet, nothing but the formation of the country can enable them to face a force like this; for we are better armed, better provisioned, and shoot as well, if not better, than they can. The only advantage they can possibly have over us is their natural instinct for going to the rear, which they should not have in this respect we must watch them closely. The men must be civil and obedient to the order of their officers, and the Major-General commanding has no fears of the result. He need hardly add that he craves, none of the old idea of no quarter, can be thought of or tolerated, and the great care must be taken that no women or children, who may unfortunately chauce to be in the vicinity, shall receive any injury. Officers and men are forbidden to enter houses or farms that may be passed, or take anything from them.

A short delay occurred at Clark's Crossing, but before long the whole force was set in march towards Battleford. The order of march was as follows:—General Middleton advanced down the right bank with the following force:

90th Battalion (Winnipeg).....	304
"A" Battery.....	120
"C" Company School of Infantry....	40
Armed teamsters.....	60
Major Boulton's Scouts.....	60
Total.....	530
Colonel Montizambert and Lord McLeod marched down the left or west bank with the following:—	
10th Royal Grenadiers.....	250
Winnipeg Field Battery.....	62
Capt. French's Scouts.....	40
Teamsters.....	60
Total.....	422

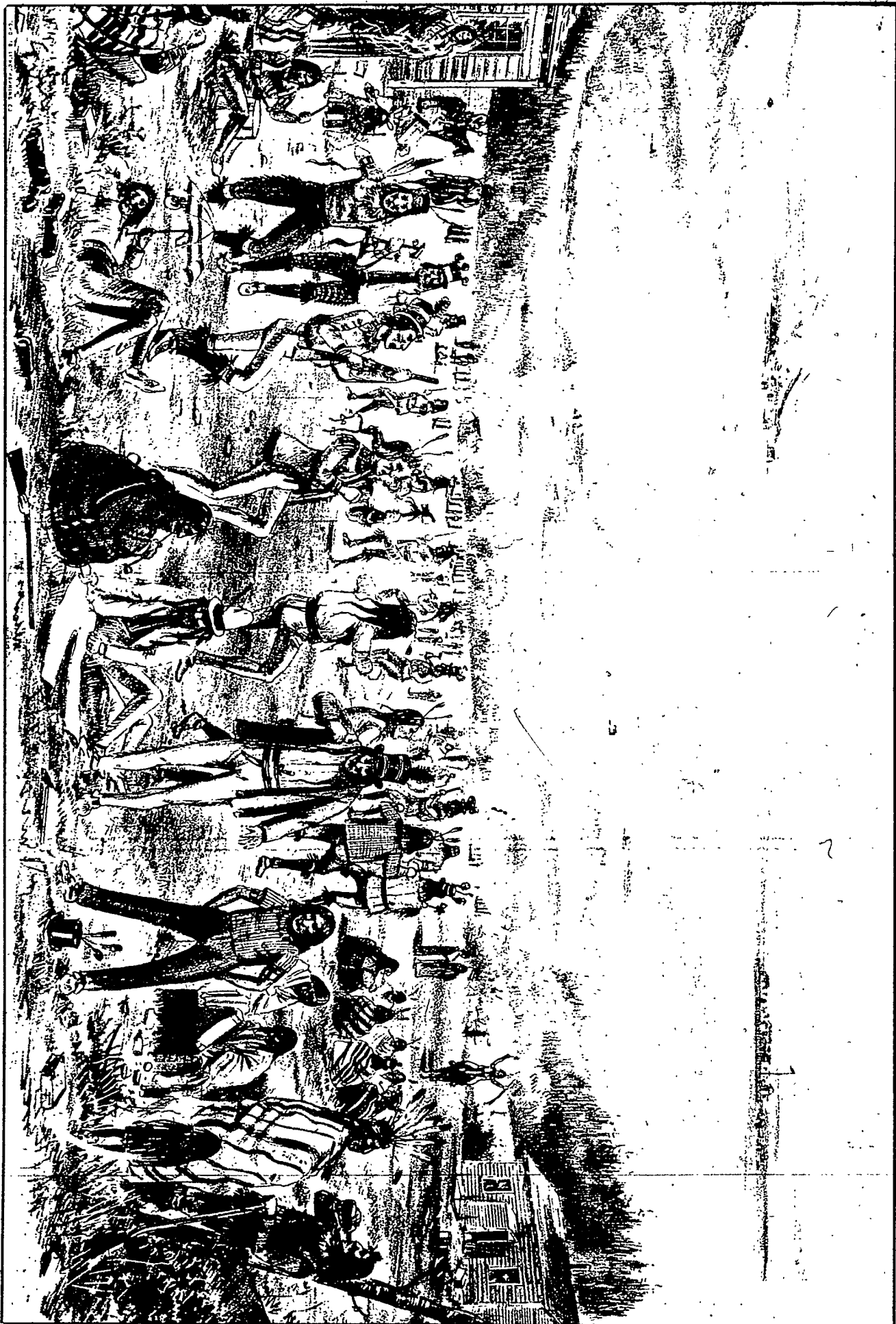
Communication was kept up between the divisions. By sending his forces down both sides of the Saskatchewan simultaneously, General Middleton made sure that no way should be left open for the rebels to escape him. He divided his forces about evenly, and doubtless considered that either division would be able to overcome Riel and his followers, even if they were on both sides of the Saskatchewan. For a few miles inland, there are numerous bluffs and groves of high timber, sufficient not only to obstruct the view, but to constitute a moderately effective cover for a fair sized force.

We now come to the

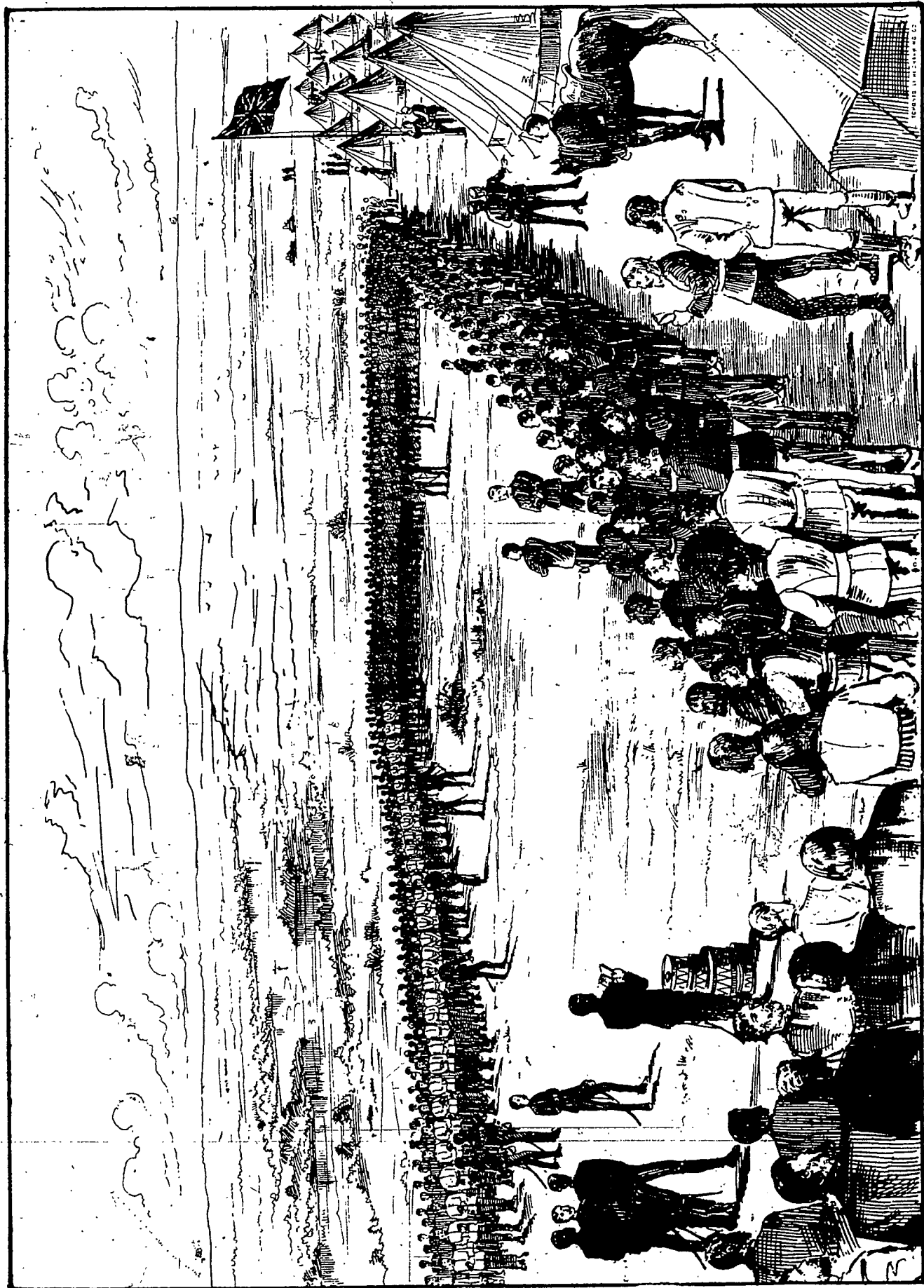
## BATTLE OF FISH CREEK.

About 9 o'clock on the morning of April 24th, while the General with his staff was riding well to the front, with Major Boulton's horse, who were acting as scouts, when about five miles





THE LOOTING OF THE OLD TOWN OF BATTLEFORD. (See page 16)



PRAIRIE CHURCH PARADE OF GENERAL MIDDLETON'S COMMAND.

(From a Sketch by Lieut. Irving, Royal Grenadiers.)

from McIntosh, where they had camped the night before, and on approaching the small bluff covered with timber, about twenty or thirty of the enemy's scouts opened fire, killing several of the scouts' horses and wounding several of the men. Between these two bluffs, which are about five hundred yards apart, is a level and open prairie that extends back about one hundred yards, across which the enemy drove the ravine with timber in the bottom running back apparently for a mile. On the west side, about the centre, stand two log houses and a straw stack. After firing a volley from the two bluffs, the scouts got under cover, when the General turned around to Capt. Wise, his A.D.C., and old him to bring up the advance guard of the 90th, under Capt. Clarke. Two guns of "A" Battery then came up at a gallop under command of Capt. Pifer, the guns being supported by the garrison division under Capt. Peters and Lieut. Rivers. After firing a couple of sharpshoots, the half-breeds retired into the ravine. The remainder of the force were then ordered up by Major Buchanan, commanding the right battalion, and Major B. well, the left half. "C" Company Toronto Infantry, being on the extreme right, had two or three hundred yards for possession of a knoll about five hundred yards in the ravine. Being ordered to retire from it, it was taken by the rebels, but the rebels did not follow. While this was going on at the right, in "A" Battery, Garrison Division, who were supporting their guns, and a company of the 90th under Capt. Forrest, made a dash across the opening and gained the top of the ravine. The remainder of the forces were gradually worked up and kept closing on the ravine. In the meantime the artillery were being moved from point to point, so as to obtain the most advantageous position for shelling the ravine. They drove the rebels out of one of the houses, and the straw stack was set on fire. The rebels were seen to leave their seeking cover in the ravine. Shortly before five o'clock, three companies of the Royal Grenadiers crossed the river and took up position on the left centre, at the brow of the hill overlooking the ravine. By this time the firing from the rebels was but feeble, seeming to indicate that their ammunition was running out. The fire of the skirmishers who were deployed in the centre and the left centre was very effective. About this time a house in the ravine was nearly demolished by shots from No. 1 gun of "A" Battery. At 6.30 the rebels had nearly all disappeared, some fifteen being left in sight. The rest retired eastward and thence northward toward Hatoche Crossing. The forces could be seen to the west, left no dead on the field, though twenty-five of them were shot and about a dozen captured. The rebels seem to be composed of about an equal number of half-breeds and Indians, in all not more than two hundred. All were commanded by Dumont.

This, in brief, is the story of the first-called battle in which our troops were engaged in their task of quelling the uprising. If it was not an engagement of great magnitude, yet in its influence upon our men, and more especially in the losses they sustained, it was no trivial affair. True, it was a question after wards whether we had in reality shown the rebels they were not defeated. No charge was made, the ravine remained unexplored, a retrograde movement was made before camping for the night after the battle was over; and this a retrograde movement was greeted with exultant yells from the few rebels who yet remained on the scene of conflict. The General, however, did not seem to have attached much importance to the result of the skirmish, but it showed him what great reliance he could place in the troops under his command, and this was no insignificant matter.

General Middleton's official report to the Minister of Militia, should be read:

"To the Hon. A. P. Caron:

"From Fish Creek, 25 miles north of Clarke's Crossing, N.W.T., April 23. I have had an affair with the rebels at this spot, on the east bank of the river. My advanced scouts were fired on from a bluff, but we managed to hold our own till the main body arrived, when I took measures to repel the attack, which was over about 2.30 p.m. We have captured a lot of their ponies, and have three or four, apparently Indians and half-breeds, in the corner of a bluff who have done a great deal of mischief, being evidently their best shots; and as I am unwilling to lose more men in trying to take them, I have surrounded the bluff and shall wait until they have expended their ammunition, to take them. Lord Melgund joined me, as soon as he could, from the other side of the river with the 10th Royals and the Winnipeg half-battery, but the affair was over before the most part of the left column had crossed, as it is a work of difficult to cross. I have ordered the rest to follow, and shall march to meet with the main body of force on Hatoche. The troops behaved very well in this, their first affair. The killed and wounded are, I deeply regret to say, too numerous."

After giving the loss he continues: "I do not know what the loss of the enemy was, but I doubt not it was pretty severe, though from their advantage of position and mode of fighting, it might be less than ours. I shall proceed to-morrow, after burning the dead and sending the wounded back to Clarke's Crossing. By moving on this side I lose the telegraph line, but I shall keep up constant communication by Clarke's Crossing if possible. I regret very much the wounding of my two A.D.C.s, Captain Wise's horse was shot previously to his being wounded."

(Signed) FRID. MIDDLETON,  
"Major-General commanding the North-west Field Force."

Our loss, as I have remarked, was severe. Taking the number of those actually engaged, and the number of those killed and wounded, we shall find the latter amount to nearly 15 per cent.—a very high proportion. But this is not to be wondered at. The rebels were safely ensconced in the rifle-pits, of which there were several rows. After nothing was to be done of them, and it was only possible to judge of their position by the smoke of their rifle fire. They took excellent advantage, also, of every bit of cover, and with this the ravine amply supplied them. Hence they were able to aim with coolness and accuracy while they themselves remained untouched. And the boldness and accuracy of their aim was remarkable. It needed but for one of our men to raise his head above the level of the cover to bring upon him a shower from all descriptions of weapons, from the Remington to the fowling piece.

It will not be out of place to record here the names of those who fell or were wounded on this the first battle with the enemy. They are as follows:

90th Battalion.—A Company.—Private Hutchinson killed; Private Ferguson, killed; Private Matthews, left arm broken; Capt. Fekker, shot in the arm and hand; C. Kemp, shot in the groin. B Company.—Private Wheeler, killed; Private Swain, slight wound in arm; Private Jarvis, two slight wounds; Private Lavel, wound in the shoulder; Private Johnson, slightly wounded. C Company.—Lieut. Swinford, killed; Capt. Letheridge, wounded in breast; Private Code, wound in leg; Private Chambers, slight wound in neck; Private Cumill, wound in arm. D Company.—Private Ennis, killed; Corp. Bowden, slightly wounded. E Company.—Capt. Clarke, killed; Private Head, arm fractured; Private A. Blackwood, slightly wounded in thigh.

A Battery.—Garrison Division.—Gunner Henry Demannally, killed; Gunner Cook, killed; Gunner Morrison, badly wounded; Gunner Angusworth, badly wounded; Sergeant Mawhinney, right arm broken. Gunner Ashin, wounded; Gunner Irvine, wounded in thigh; Gunner Woodman, wounded in shoulder; Gunner Langrell, wounded in arm; Gunner Outlet, wounded in shoulder; Gunner Harrison, killed; Gunner McGrath, wounded, shot in the shoulder. Mounted Division.—Driver Turner, wounded in cheek; Driver Wilson, right arm broken; Driver Harrison, flesh wound in neck.

C Company Infantry School.—Col. Sergeant Cummings, flesh wound in leg; Private R. Jones, arm fractured; Private H. Jones, shot through the jaw; Private Harris, arm fractured; Private E. McDonald, flesh wound in arm; Private R. H. Dunn, badly wound in arm and hand, shot twice; Private Watson, killed. Major Bolton's Horse.—Capt. Gardiner, two slight wounds; Trooper James Longford, two slight wounds; Trooper Perrins, arm broken; Trooper King, two wounds in leg; Trooper D'Arcy Baker, very serious wound in chest; Trooper Bruce, very serious wound in lung; Sergeant Stewart, slight wound in the ear and hand.

Capt. Wise, A.D.C., had two horses shot under him and received a slight wound below the ankle. Capt. Dumet, A.D.C., received a flesh wound in the arm below the elbow.

Let us pass now to Colonel Otter's march to Battleford. It was a noteworthy one, and deserves a somewhat detailed description.

Colonel Otter's division, as will be remembered, were at the line of railway at Swift Current, and proceeded northward by the South Saskatchewan crossing, with all possible speed to the relief of Battleford. Swift Current was left on April 13th, and ten days from that date exactly the people of Battleford welcomed their rescuers.

As far as the Crossing "C" Company formed the advance, followed in skirmish order. Then followed the Gatling guns under Major Short, and "B" Battery. A line of teams followed by the Foot Guards and the Queen's Own brought up the rear. After the Crossing, the march was made in close column, the Mounted Police forming the scouting party, followed by the foot guard, and the rest of the force in close column, the men carrying blankets and rubber covers, their packs being forwarded by the teams.

The expectations were to cover 30 miles a day, but this was found to be impossible. Three days were lost at the Crossing on account of the high water in the river.

The whole distance to be traversed between Swift Current station, on the main line of the C.P.R., and Battleford, is about 200 miles. The march to the Saskatchewan is about 30 miles. The country between the railway and the river is mainly upland prairie, affording smooth, dry footing. The country across the river is mainly bottom lands to cross, but the ascent of the north bank begins at once. Next comes a short march of six or seven miles over upland prairie which brings the column to a small sweet-water lake. After leaving the lake, the trail leads up a long gradual ascent made of undulating prairie. Then comes a very sudden but short descent, rapid as a valley, with a smooth, level bottom about a mile wide, and covered with a rich loamy soil. On the far side, or what appears to have been the north bank, there is a lofty ridge which stands up out of the plain like a huge wall, and up this ridge the trail winds through a rugged, rock-bordered, and somewhat desolate pass. At the foot of this ridge the ascent continues as the march leads still northward over slightly rolling prairie for some twenty miles, after which high rolling hills are entered. Here the soil is dry and gravelly, and alkali lakes are numerous, but there are also pools and lakes of sweet water. Though the trail through these hills is

always firm and dry, it is very tortuous, while some of the hills rise well toward the dignity of the mountains. This rough (almost mountainous) country continues for about twenty miles, and then the trail leads out into a smoother, though still undulating tract. After traversing about fifteen miles of this last mentioned country, the country becomes much smoother, which contains an abundant supply of sweet water of an excellent quality. A little farther on, Eagle Hills Creek, which is about eighty-five miles from the South Saskatchewan, is reached. A long and rather steep hill leads down into the valley of this creek from the south, and a strip of flat bottom land, a mile in width, intervenes between the foot of the hill and the edge of the creek. The creek itself is swift, deep, and narrow at this point. About twelve miles further on timber sufficient for fuel is reached, and from this spot until Eagle Hills are reached, the trail lies through clean, open prairie.

At this varied region the column pressed on with zeal. Battleford was reached on April the 23rd. This march has been publicly praised. Mr. Edgar addressed the House thus on April 26th: "While the whole country has been intensely interested in all the news from the troops under Gen. Middleton, the march of the column has been filled with admiration at the extraordinary and brilliant march which has been made by Col. Otter's column from the Saskatchewan to Battleford. Everyone is interested in knowing how the troops have stood the journey. I believe there is direct telegraphic communication with Battleford, and the march has been followed by the press as to the health of the column. I would like to hear from the Minister of Militia what the report is." To this Mr. Carson replied: "It gives me very great pleasure indeed, in answering the question of the hon. gentleman, to state that he has qualified the march of Col. Otter's column as a wonderful march, and that he has considered by those who are authority on such matters, and I do not presume to express my own opinion alone, as a march deserving the highest encomium that could be given a feat of that kind. We know that Col. Otter is one of the very best men we have in the force in the Canadian militia service, and that he has the opportunity has been given him to show his great value has not been found wanting. (Cheers.) I am happy to state, from a telegram which I have received from Battleford, that the troops are in the very best possible health and spirits. They have stood that wonderful march—for it is really a wonderful march—in a manner none could have expected from them."

It was well that Colonel Otter and his men had hurried. The Indians had been down at Battleford. The Indians, after killing Payne, had started for Battleford, and on their way had stopped at Barney Tremont's, about half way between Battleford and that they had proceeded to take away his horse and clothing, and on resisting, had killed him in his own house, and then helped themselves to all they wanted. Mr. Tremont was an unmarried man, and he had been on very friendly terms with the Stoney, many of whom had worked for him from time to time. It was further learned that on the evening of the 19th, the Indians had taken the reserve, some of the Stoney had gone to the Cree or Red Reserve to tell them to go down to Battleford, as the day for action had come, and that the brother of the chief had gone with them. Barney Tremont had been killed between 3 and 4 p.m. by Battleford itself. The Indians had taken away everything they fancied, and what they could not use they broke in pieces. Even carpets they tore into shreds and threw upon the streets. On returning home, the brother of the Cree chief informed Applegarth that it would be best for him to take his wife and her sister to Swift Current for safety. He said he would do all he could to reserve the day, but he would not be able to resist the others. Applegarth accordingly at once commenced to pack up a few things, although it was 3 a.m., and while he was doing so the Indians helped themselves to whatever they wanted. They even searched his pockets for money, and took his arms and clothing, and left him with nothing on his overcoat. Every horse and store on the south side of the Battle River was ransacked, and all the goods not carried off were destroyed. All persons other than those occupying sections in the town or the north side are homeless, and many destitute.

The Winnipeg Star gives a graphic description of the escape of Gen. E. Applegarth from the Battleford Indians:

Applegarth was Farm Instructor to Red Phasant's band. On the night of Monday, March 30th, he was making up his returns with the intention of going to Battleford next day. The Indians of his reserve had professed great friendship for him, and he had been told that they said that since trouble had arisen they might fight, but they would fight on the side of the whites. Applegarth went to bed about midnight. At 3 o'clock in the morning he heard a tapping at the door. Getting up he went to see what was the matter, when an Indian came in, and he saw a rifle and a knife behind him. He told Applegarth that the reserve was rising, and some of the bucks who had been to Battleford were after him. Almost while he spoke the door burst open and eighteen Redskins rushed in. Applegarth thought his time had come, but luckily this was not the war party. They were eighteen in number, six of whom were chiefs. Applegarth told them the Indians whispered that their mission was to hold him until the warriors arrived. Applegarth roused his wife and sister-in-law, a little girl about twelve years old, and Indian teacher Cunningham, and told them to dress. He himself slipped out behind, and hitched up his

beam, while the friendly Indian engaged the attention of the visitors. Like a true woman, the only article of apparel which Mrs. Applegarth took with her as the team drove off, besides the clothes which she wore, was her wedding dress.

About half past three in the morning the party of four set out on their race for life to Swift Current, 200 miles distant. They had got five miles away when the whistler broke. Applegarth had to walk two miles back to get a rail to make a new one out of. Then they flew on again, plunging and galloping through snow, three feet deep, with the moonlight streaming overhead.

At dawn they saw six Indians in the distance. They had now struck the trail, which they left again to strike into the conies and elude their pursuers. They drove all day, and towards a pitfall caught sight of the Indians again. This time they thought it was all up with them. The Indians were certainly following them, and were possibly waiting till nightfall to kill them. All Applegarth could do was to tell his wife he would ask them to make short work of the business. His wife and the little girl cried a little, but kept up their courage well. They had no arms with them. Before leaving the house, Applegarth had taken away from the squaw his arms and moccasins taken from him. The only defence the party had against their pursuers was an axe.

At two o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, they rested for a couple of hours. The horses were nearly exhausted. But a little before morning the snow was put together again and driven on. When dawn came there were no Indians in sight. They drove on all Wednesday, and at nightfall took another rest. Applegarth never closed his eyes, however. Sometime after midnight they went on, and the forenoon of Thursday they came up with Judge Redman, who had left Battleford the previous Sunday with his wife and child, Mrs. Rae, wife of the Indian agent, a hired man, the two Parkers of Battleford, and a man named Foster—eight in all. This brought up the party to twelve persons. When the judge left Battleford there was no trouble, although trouble was apprehended. Applegarth's report of the march was received with considerable interest. Thirty miles from Swift Current they were overtaken by Constable Storer and Mr. Smart. Storer had left Battleford on Saturday, and was the bearer of despatches to Col. Herchmer. The Battleford garrison believed Herchmer was within a day's march of Battleford. Storer had been ordered to go out and meet him, and tell him of the events that had transpired. On his way he met Smart, who was coming in with goods, and the two journeyed south together. They arrived at Swift Current on Monday morning, and the majority of the party went east on Tuesday.

In a matter of importance to know that the Indians who were killing Applegarth were those whose rations had been stopped by him until they consented to work.

This ended a slight which undoubtedly is only a sample of many occurring in the north country now, and which illustrates the unhappy plight of the settlers throughout all the distressed districts.

Here we will, for the present, leave Battleford and Colonel Otter's march to that town, and notice what steps Major-General Strange is taking for the relief of Edmonton.

Col. Strange's force consisted of—

20 Mounted Police.

200 Mounted Rifles.

Four companies Winnipeg Light Infantry.

50 Alberta Mounted Rifles.

The march from Calgary was through rolling prairie, free from timber, wild willows, wild rose bushes, or shrubs of any kind, clear prairie grass abounding in the uplands, with pea vine and other lowland grasses in the bottoms.

The chief river crossing was at Strawberry Creek, some fifty or fifty-five miles from Calgary. This creek is not a large one, and the crossing is easily effected. It runs through a valley or coulee some seventy-five or one hundred feet lower than the level of the uplands, and the approaches from both north and south are easy.

Salt Lake, is an alkaline lake of considerable size, not more than five miles from Red Deer River, though some fifteen miles from the spot where the Calgary and Edmonton trail crosses that stream. In travelling from Strawberry Creek to Salt Lake, the first half of the journey is through open prairie, narrow stream, but with a few known as Lone Pine marks, about half the distance between these two camps, and also indicates the dividing line between the open prairie and the wooded regions of the north. The country now becomes more or less wooded, bluffs and ridges of timber being the rule rather than the exception. At the crossing of the Red Deer River the banks of the stream are well wooded. After crossing the Red Deer, the trail leads through rolling, low-lying hills that are well timbered, the prevailing woods being grey willow and poplar, with occasional small clumps of spruce. 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village of Bear Hills is sure to be very heavy and troublesome, the trail running through low-lying swamp land, much of which is submerged, except in very dry weather. The Indian village referred to is a small collection of huts belonging to the hands of three Cree chiefs, who call themselves brothers. Their names are Samson, Belle and Ermine. Skinners. Twenty miles from the village is what is known as the Bear Hills Indian farm. The intervening country is swampy, low-lying, and sparsely covered with clumps and bluffs of grey willow. Another half-day's travelling through thick-growing, low-lying swamps of willow and black alder, brings us to Black Mud River, a stretch of place to cross at any time. The approaches to the stream are of very soft black mud, into which horses and loaded wagons would sink indefinitely.

Meanwhile at Edmonton was much uneasiness. Capt. Griesbach, of the Mounted Police, took charge of all the available forces, police and volunteers, and the 10th and 11th Regts. of the Saskatchewan. Both Fort Saskatchewan and Edmonton were put in a state of defence. At the former place there were 35 women and children; at the latter 60 or 70 more. There were two brass cannons at Edmonton, but small arms and ammunition were scarce.

CALGARY, April 29th.

A messenger to Calgary, as late as April 29th from Edmonton, stated that all the residents had been in the fort them for weeks. When the courier left the Indians were threatening an attack, and the arrival of troops was eagerly awaited. No news had been received from Edmonton since before the Duck Lake fight. The worst was feared for the garrison. Lieut. Coryell's scouts had advanced to within 20 miles of Edmonton.

Having seen Colonel O'Brien fairly on his way towards Battleford, General Middleton waiting at Clark's Crossing on his way to Prince Albert via Hatoche, and General Strange waiting for Edmonton, let us follow the steamer *Northcote* over a part of her journey.

The *Northcote*, it will be remembered, was ordered to proceed from Medicine Hat, where she was going, to Clark's Crossing, passing Swift Current on the way.

I cannot do better than to append here a well written account of part of this voyage from the pen of Captain Kirwan:—

"ON BOARD THE 'NORTHCOTE,' GOING DOWN THE SOUTH SASKATCHEWAN."  
N.W.T., May 3rd.

"My hand is unsteady, and the table on which I am writing is shaking, for I am scrawling this letter on board the steamer *Northcote* as we are going down the South Saskatchewan. Our destination is the mouth of the river, and to whom we are bringing supplies and reinforcements. A large is loaded to each side of the steamer, and oats, hay, canned meats, hard-tack, tea, sugar, ammunition and other necessaries for an army in the field, are crowded aboard. The horses and bales have been arranged so as to form a deck on the outer sides of each hull, for we are told that the hostiles may make it merry for us at certain points along our way. A few bags of oats have been placed in the centre of each barge, and an awning has been stretched to the sides. At night this awning forms a tent, and in daytime it is rolled up in the centre of the barge and serves as a shelter for the limited number of men who are exposed on the open boats beside us. In some places bags of oats and bundles of hay have been built into the form of huts, and a few comrades crowd into the little shelter and rejoice at their good fortune. In other places water-proof sheets have been placed over the sides of the boats, and with bags of flour for the men, squads of men huddle underneath and eat, sleep, and take their turns at duty, looking healthy, if rough, and strong, if staid, with the soil and dust of travel. All told there are about 100 tons of supplies on board the two barges, and scouts have come from the front to tell us that the scouts at head-quarters are short of food and ammunition, and urge us to hurry on over a river choked with sand bars and crossed by barriers every few miles of the way. It has now taken us seven days to come one hundred miles, for we have had to pass the steamer over many shoals, and we have been twice and again back in the one spot, struggling to wrench her out of the sand bank into which the more we struggled the more she sank, until we tore out the thwart and stanchions in our efforts to get free.

"There are about 200 officers and men on board, with Col. Van Straubenzon, D.A.G., in command. He is an old soldier, and has been service in the Crimea, India, and China, and is going to join the General and his staff in command of the Infantry Brigade now in front of the Midland Battalion at Hatoche's Crossing. The men are from the Midland Battalion, and are principally recruited from the neighbourhood of Belleville, Kingston, and Cobourg. They are under the command of Col. Williams, M.P., and are earning a well-deserved reputation for soldierly bearing and discipline. They have their round of duties on board as regularly as if they were in barracks. At six o'clock every morning the *reville* sounds and the blankets are packed away for the day. The men come from their nooks and corners on the barges, fold up the awnings, and put their kites in order. Their rifles are placed against the breakwaters and stand ready for use. At 6.30 they get their breakfast of hard tack, tea, canned meat, and any nick nacks they can scrape together in the way of hash or extras. At nine the guard is mounted; two sentries are posted, one over the quartermaster's stores, and

the other over the Gatling gun, which grins with its ten teeth on the stern of the steamer. At twelve o'clock they get their dinner; at 6 p.m. supper, and at seven the retreat sounds. A picket, composed of a captain, a subaltern, a sergeant, two corporals, and twenty men, is held off every day, and at night the sentries are doubled. When we quit we anchor in mid-stream, but when that is not practicable outlying pickets are placed on land, at some distance from the steamer, and every precaution taken against surprise. Then the Gatling is pointed so as to play on an attacking force if the men are obliged to retreat to the boat. Captain Kirwan, an American from New Haven, Conn., has command of the Gatling. His services have been secured by the Canadian Government for this special duty, in which he appears to be as much at home as an Apache on a trail. We have a detachment of the ambulance corps under Surgeons Bell and Gravely, with eight assistants, and a large quantity of medical stores on board, and these, with myself and another staff officer, complete the expedition.

"On each side of us the land rises in irregular and jagged outlines, hillocks, and deep waterways cut through the soil, and it is denuded of its scanty verdure. Wild fowl are numerous, and a large quantity of waterfowl are seen on the water, but an odd flock of swans or swan float gracefully above us. Geese and ducks are not in these parts found by 'the acre,' as we were told they did when we were leaving civilization; and of big game we can see nothing but the bleached bones of the buffalo, which dot every few yards of the banks back from the water's edge. When we stop for the traces of the antelope and wolves, but we see nothing larger than prairie dogs when we hunt along the shore. It is a weary waste of sandy, almost barren, soil, sloping, and tuft grass, looking as lonely as the ocean and as silent as the grave. No fish are in these mud-flats, and the few rabbits are the only four-footed creatures which can be seen in the sedge and scrub which cover the gulches. Except on the banks of the river there is not as much timber as would shingle a cabin. For hundreds of miles over these dreary plains and on the trail, travellers carry fuel or pick up drift-wood, with which to cook their meals, and move across these desert wilds. On the shores I have noticed flint, agate, feldspar, and great quantities of petrified wood, while curious layers of rocks—like some Giant's Causeway in miniature—fringe the river side at two or three places along the way. Buffalo trails, leading to and from edge, run in every direction, and a solitary bird or two here and there again floats by or rises scurrying from its nest when we disturb it, as we go puffing, whistling, and blowing down the stream.

"An odd small bird twitterers on a bough often enough to let us know that the desolation is not absolutely complete, and one or two of these little fellows, with their beautiful plumage lending a charm to the dull background of sandy land. Where the banks are low our field-glasses bear on the horizon, and as far as we can see, and from all we can hear, for hundreds of miles beyond there is nothing but treeless plains, lonely and desolate. As I write, I hear the sound of harmony, and I detect the voices of a glee club, which has been formed among the men, singing the song, 'When the Clouds Roll By.' It is a touch of pathos in the music, and it usually affects some of the men, many of whose faces are shadowed with grief and care. In the lower part of the barge a barber is at work cutting hair, while the crew, in the scull, leaving the stump to stand erect like a stubble in a harvest field. In another place men are reading, while under one of the improvised shelter-huts made of bags of oats I can see, from where I write, two men putting their feet fully into their knickerbockers. Some are washing their underclothes, others are sewing, while the cooks are busy in the galley preparing the evening meal. On board the steamer the officers have births in the cabin, and share with the crew the comforts of a stateroom large enough to accommodate about half a dozen men, which is now crowded between its thinly curtained sides. The assistant-surgeons and drawers of the ambulance corps sleep on the floor, and we take our meals in relays, the 'roustabout' crew being served first, and then the staff and field officers, while the company officers follow in similar rotation. Our rations are of the same kind as those of the men, a plenty of hard-tack, canned meat, sugar, and an occasional slice of soft bread, a piece of pork, some beans, and plenty of tea. Our orderlies manage, by means unknown to us, to scrape up some pieces of pudding or 'stick-jack' as it is called. Once or twice Lieut. Horne, of Ottawa, shot a muskrat, and there was a piece at his mess board, to which the staff of the Midland Battalion were allowed to approach.

"At such a time, and such a place, it may be supposed that neither officers nor men are in holiday attire. There is little of the pomp and circumstance of war on board the *Northcote* as we go down the South Saskatchewan on this expedition. Pipe-clay has been discarded, and the men's belts are soiled and dirty. Their uniforms are stained with carrying wood on board the steamer, as also stoves two or three times a day to wood up. Their boots are brown and polished, and their accoutrements bear the stains of labour on each of their surfaces.

"The steamer we are travelling on is nothing but a scow on which a wooden house has been rudely built. Her boilers are exposed, and a shot from a rifle at short range should cause an explosion. The woodwork on which the saloon is built is weak and thin, and a rifle ball would

penetrate it at any of its many ports. Her pilot-house could be made untenable by riflemen on the banks unless protected by improvised breakwaters made out of our supplies. We have only five horses on board, and some of them are shaggy, and 'shaggy' as the Indians are called in their parlance. They are hardly little brutes and accustomed to the plains. They are not fleet, but they have great staying powers, and they never stumble over the goopher or fadger holes with which the prairies are honey-combed. They can subsist on tuft grass, and do not require blanketing. They are docile, and for campaigning are found more useful, in some respects, than the bigger animals we brought from Ontario or the United States. The larger horses are jealous of our 'shaggy' ones, and they kicked and fretted at the little creatures so much that we were obliged to board them off for protection. As I write, I hear the big ones kicking in their stalls beneath me, and the voices of the orderlies are shouting hoarse oaths at them to be still. The noise blends with the chorus 'Hold the Fort,' which the glee club has started.

"Suddenly I hear the clatter of many voices and the glee club starts its chanting. Officers rush from the saloon, and I know something unusual has happened. Field-glasses are out, for there is something moving on the horizon. Friends or foes we cannot tell at this great distance, and the bugle sounds the assembly. Then there is the rush of many feet, and the men fall in at their appointed posts on the barges. The company officers go down too, and the click of rifles is heard. The men examine the sunrise, and move the breech blocks backwards and forwards. Then the rifles are placed horizontally on the breastworks, and the men stand behind them. The deck hands move about uneasily, and the captain of the steamer, up in the pilot-house, wears an anxious expression on his face. Aboard the *Southcote* the officers are on their staterooms and return with their revolvers buckled on, or with Winchester slung over their shoulders. There is no flurry and everything is business-like and easy. Col. Van Straubenzon is still looking through his field-glasses, and the moving figures in the distance are a mirage. Captain Howard has loaded his Gatling, and his gunners are at their posts. The surgeons have unpacked their instruments of torture, and saws and knives and bottles with strange labels are placed on the tables of the saloon. Officers' baggage has been piled in one part of the cabin, where the hospital is to be, if required.

"The moving figures on the plains converge to their centre, and they look as if closing for combat. They now dot the horizon like moving balls of ebony on a brownish-emerald lawn, and Col. Van Straubenzon is still looking at them through his field-glasses, while around the steamer and down in the barges, officers and men are standing ready for emergencies. Then I notice Col. Van Straubenzon suddenly drop his glass, and I hear him say 'seems' when the officers look up to see what the horsemen who are approaching are friends and not enemies. As they come closer we see the wide-awake hats of the men and their long boots, bandoleers, full of rifle and revolver cartridges, and their sleek ponies. All looking comes a fit gurgler. Captain Lewis is in command, and he calls out what I shall never forget as we go on our way. From him we heard of the fight at Hatoche's Crossing, and we were told that if attacked at the Moose woods, a few miles south of our destination. And then we should hurry on. The men at the front were short of ammunition, the wounded could not be carried, and the horses had no oats, and we would supply them all from the barges along the way, and the time hung sluggishly on our hands. The routine duties were few, and we all knew that we were slowly consuming the supplies that our comrades so badly needed at the front.

"On the 1st of May we saw something moving on the river behind us. It was a long way off, but we soon found it to be a canoe, and we then knew that Dr. Douglas, V. C., was in our wake, and that, aided by the current, he would soon be on board. He left Swift Current six days after us, and here he had overtaken the steamer, when we were not much more than half-way to our destination. On he came with his double paddle moving like a wind-mill, and we all gathered on one side of the barge to give him a welcome. He appeared to be at home in his frail bark, and as he lifted his cap in response to the 'three cheers' which were followed by his crew, the steamer, we could see how his face was and how rough his garb. For five days he had given us a stern chase. At night, he told me, he upset his canoe, and wrapping himself in his great-coat and blanket he slept on the banks of the river until the earliest streaks of dawn, when he was again on his feet. He is principally a fisherman, and he has a hard task, and he was often obliged to drag his canoe over the shallows. But he was used to it. He, too, is an old campaigner, having been twenty years in the army, and the decoration he won, the Victoria Cross, was given as it always is, 'for valour' in the field. The next time the *Northcote* sticks in the mud, he will come again, run past the Moose woods at night, and make Clark's Crossing, and from there tell General Middleton how badly it has fared with us since we left the Battleford Crossing. The General is campaigning in a desert. He has to draw his supplies from a base 500 miles away. There are no friends, and no enemies to be seen, and here are we with the stores so much require navigating unknown waters

and floundering about in a river down which no steamer has ever ventured before.

"We keep on grounding and sinking 'dead men' to give our captains a purchase when we are stranded on a sandbank at some distance from timber. These 'dead men' are large logs of wood to which a rope is attached, and when the log is buried six feet under the sand, it gives 'the nigger' something to strain at when we are sparring the steamer over a bar. When we are in motion a man is stationed on each barge, and as the ship a long pole in the water he keeps shouting out, 'four feet larger' or 'three feet smaller,' or the more welcome refrain, 'no bottom.' As we get nearer to the Moose woods, and the days pass, the dwarf hills which line the river bank slope more gently backwards to the prairie beyond, and the willows along the bank of the stream begin to wear a greenish hue, which tinges the landscape with patches of faintly blushing green verdure. The sky is clear, the night cool, and the days warm, but not hot or uncomfortable. Patches of snow still nestle in all the sheltered nooks along the riverbed, and back in the shaded crannies of the dwarf hills which fringe the margin of the stream. An odd cackling of geese has followed us almost until we pass by, and pelicans, 'waders,' and cranes float, on gracefully pointed wings, above and around us. Once a day, perhaps, we see the marks left by the surveyors, and they remind us that if we are the first white men who have come down the South Saskatchewan in a steamer, others have followed the sinuities of the stream with levels and theodolites, dividing the land into sections and quarter sections for the benefit of inhabitants who can never live here for many a decade to come. At night the aurora forms tremulous streams of light up to the zenith, where they sometimes join like ribbons of colour, having followed the sinuities of the stream with levels and theodolites, dividing the land into sections and quarter sections for the benefit of inhabitants who can never live here for many a decade to come. At night the aurora forms tremulous streams of light up to the zenith, where they sometimes join like ribbons of colour, having followed the sinuities of the stream with levels and theodolites, dividing the land into sections and quarter sections for the benefit of inhabitants who can never live here for many a decade to come. At night the aurora forms tremulous streams of light up to the zenith, where they sometimes join like ribbons of colour, having followed the sinuities of the stream with levels and theodolites, dividing the land into sections and quarter sections for the benefit of inhabitants who can never live here for many a decade to come.

For particulars of the continuation of this history the reader will kindly see suit page 24.

## INCIDENTS OF THE REBEL-LION.

### ESCAPE OF THE MCKAY FAMILY TO PRINCE ALBERT THROUGH THE ICE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Globe*, writing April 4th, referring to the subject of this illustration, wrote as follows:—

"J. McKay, a farm instructor above Battleford, arrived with his wife and two young daughters on Tuesday last. He managed to escape after his house had been shelled by the aid of a friendly Indian, and came down the river in a boat among the floating ice, hiding on the bank by day and pushing forward with what speed he could by night, until he got out of danger. Before starting he could procure only food enough for three days, and was actually twelve days in reaching Prince Albert, where he and his family arrived almost exhausted by hunger and exposure."

### THE LATE CAPT. FRENCH PREVAILING ON THREE OF WHITE CAPS' WARRIORS TO SURRENDER.

On the 18th of April, Lord Melgand, chief of the staff, was on a reconnaissance with a detachment of Boulton's Mounted Infantry, and had a long chase after three of White Caps' band, whose footprints they had first perceived in the snow. They were at last surrounded in a coulee, where the Indians stood back to back and pressed hard upon the White Caps whenever any of the scouts ventured to approach them. Finally, after half-an-hour's parley with them, and trying to get them to surrender, Capt. French said he would try, and going down, got them to come up, assuring them they would be well treated.

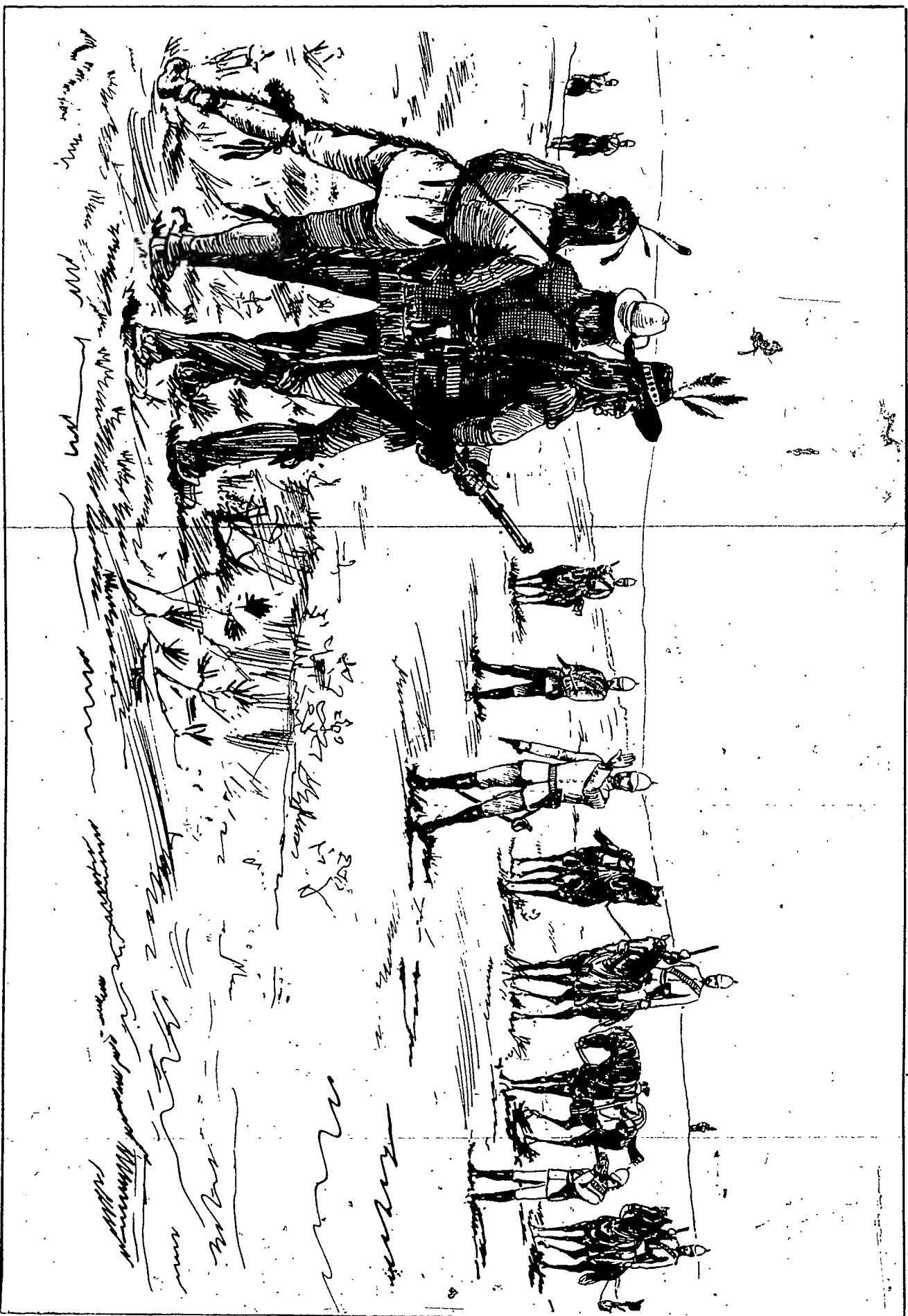
### A WOUNDED PRINCE ALBERT VOL-UNTEERS LIFE SAVED BY A HALF-BREED.

The following account of an incident which followed the Duck Lake fight she was:

"Newish, a volunteer wounded in the leg, crept down towards the road, but the slugs had gone. An Indian came up and began to club him with his gun. He held up his hands to cover his face, and he was hit four times and had two of his fingers broken, when a half-breed noticed the Indian and compelled him to stop. He was carried to Duck Lake two hours after, and his life again threatened by two Indians. Again the half-breed protected him. He was liberated on the morning Monday, when the dead bodies were brought home."

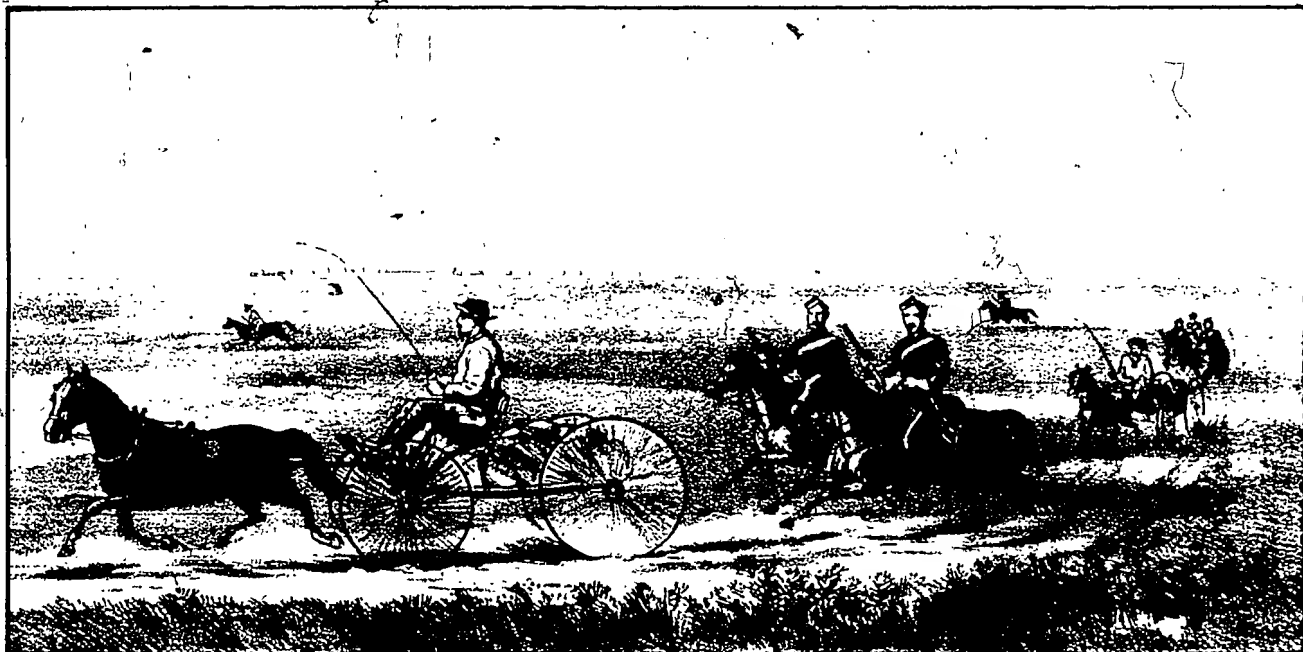
### CAPTURE OF WHITE CAPS' BAND BY THE BODY GUARD.

This event was one of the most striking incidents in the experiences of the Government's Body Guard since they have been on active service. A scouting party, under the command of Lieut. Merritt, sighted the cavalcade of White Cap as it was making south, and, after a chase, captured the entire party and their outfit. White Cap is a Sioux who was given a reserve near Saskatoon, and his band have violated the hospitality of Canada, wherein they sought an asylum after participating in the Minnesota massacres.

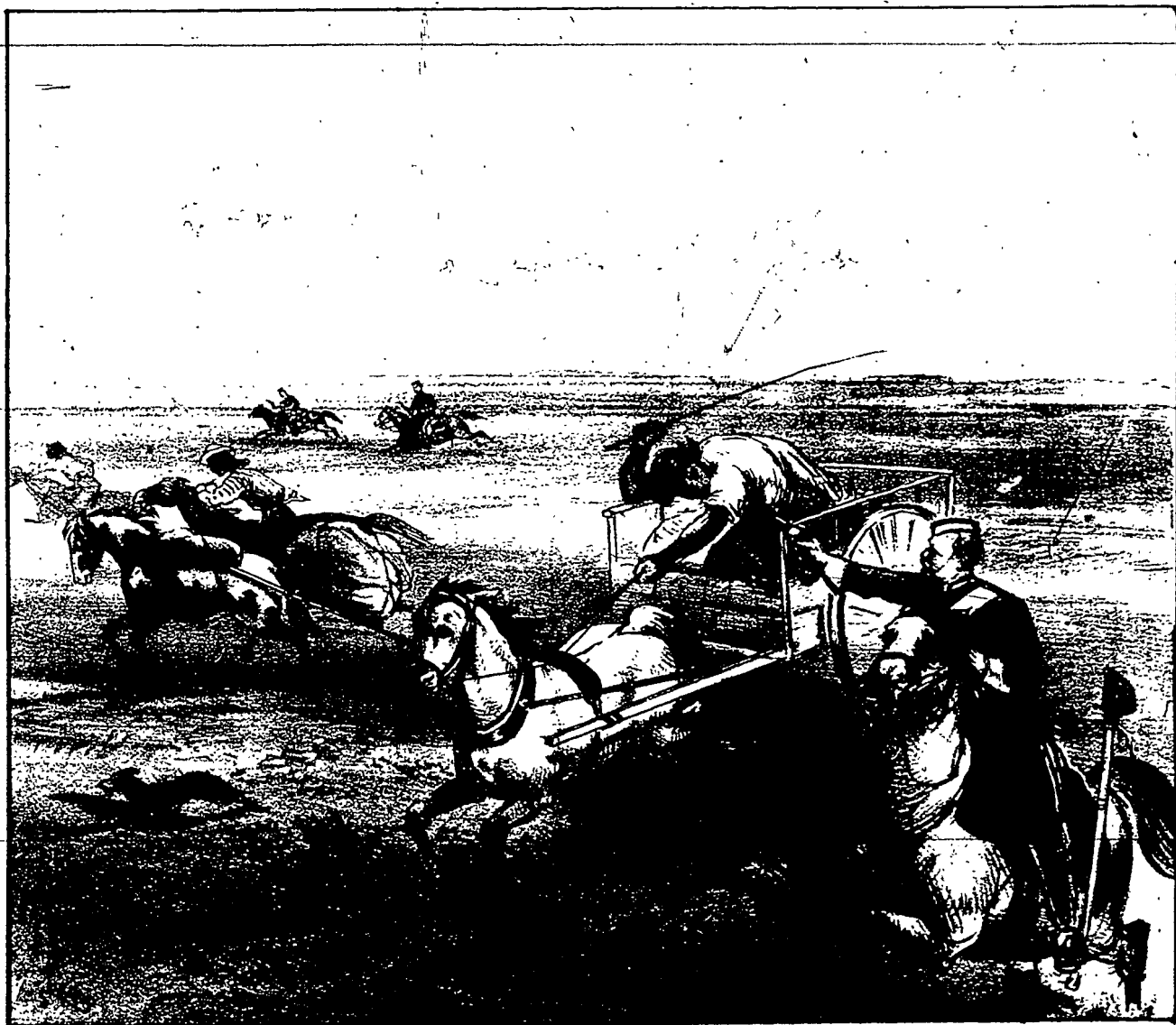


THE LATE CAPT. FRENCH PREVAILING ON THREE OF WHITE CAPS WARRIORS TO SURRENDER (See page 21)





HOW HER MAJESTY'S MAILS WERE CONVEYED FROM TOUCHWOOD TO CLARKE'S CROSSING.



CAPTURE OF WHITE OAK AND HIS BAND BY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S BODY GUARD.

## Office of The Grip Printing and Publishing Company,

TORONTO, JUNE 15TH, 1885.

We have pleasure in presenting to the public the first of two **Souvenir Numbers** of *The Canadian Pictorial and Illustrated War News*. These will form a complete letter-press and illustrated history of the late North-West Rebellion.

Each part consists of 24 pages, composed of twelve pages of illustrations and ten of reading matter, and in addition, a very fine colored supplement. The ten pages of reading matter contain the equivalent of about 140 pages of an ordinary book, while the pages of illustrations are, in themselves, a complete history of the principal events and persons concerned in the rebellion.

The history is written by Mr. T. Arnold Haultain, M.A., the clever author of "The War in the Soudan."

The illustrations have been compiled at great expense from the most authentic sources, including sketches from our special artist accompanying the expedition. The artists engaged in the preparation of the illustrations comprise the best talent available, both in Canada and the United States, and include the following:—W. D. Blachley, J. W. Bengough, J. D. Kelly, J. Humme, W. W. Wessbroom, A. Lampert, Wm. Bengough.

The retail price of the work is 50cts. per part (\$1.00 for the complete history) and, considering the quality and amount of matter given, is perhaps the most remarkably cheap publication ever offered in Canada. The two parts can be bound in book form if desired, and will make a very attractive volume.

## THE SECOND PART

(SOUVENIR NUMBER, No. 2)

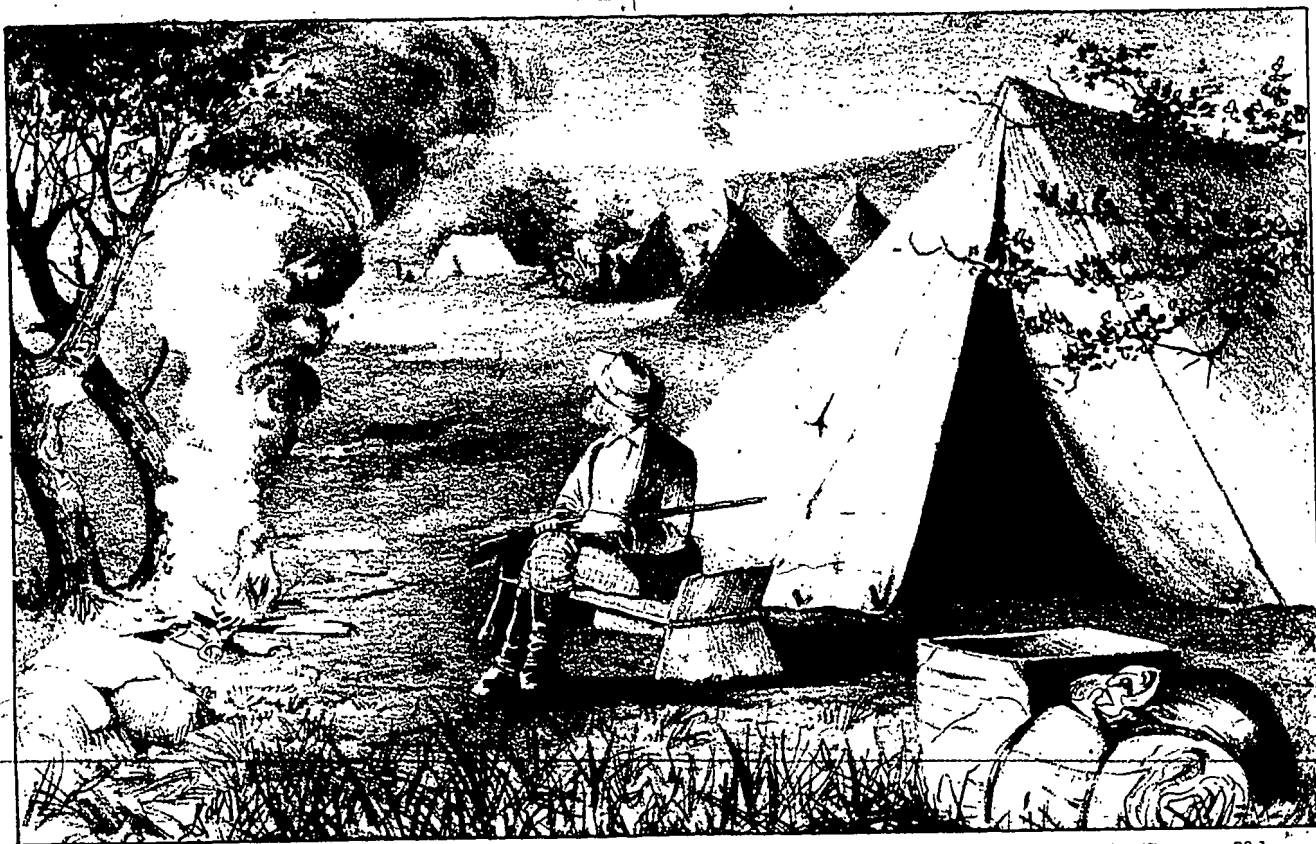
WILL BE ISSUED ON OR ABOUT AUGUST 1ST,

And will contain the continuation and completion of the History of the Rebellion, and the full complement of fine illustrations. The illustrations will represent the principal events from the Battle of Fish Creek, and will include the Battles of Cut Knife Creek and Batoche.

There will also be issued with the Second Part a very fine Colored Supplement, suitable for framing.

## THE GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.,

**PUBLISHERS.**



JOHN PRITCHARD GUARDING THE CAPTIVE LADIES, MRS. GOWANLOCK AND MRS. DELANY. [See page 39.]



THE QUEEN'S OWN AT CUT KNIFE CREEK. [See page 39.]

(1) PTE. (NOW CHAPLAIN) G. E. LLOYD COVERING PTE. E. C. ACHESON'S ATTEMPTED RESCUE OF THE LATE PTE. DOBBS, BATTLEFORD VOLUNTEER RIFLES. (2) PORTRAIT OF THE REV. G. E. LLOYD, CHAPLAIN TO THE 2ND BATTALION, QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES; FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STANTON.



# The Canadian Pictorial & Illustrated War News.

## PART II.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 29TH AUGUST, 1885.

### RETROSPECT.

At the end of Part I. of this History, it will be remembered we had left Colonel Otter marching towards Battleford, General Strange nearing Edmonton, General Middleton waiting at Fish Creek, and had followed the *Northcote* through the greater part of her journey from Medicine Hat, towards the General's headquarters. We will here pick up the thread of the narrative by following the fortunes of

### COL. OTTER'S COLUMN.

The trail distances from Swift Current to Battleford are as follows:—

Swift Current.....	0.0
Marshy Lake.....	10.8
March.....	21.9
Small creek in Saskatchewan valley.....	31.3
Another small creek.....	31.5
Saskatchewan river, south bank.....	32.3
Saskatchewan river, north bank.....	32.5
Top of hill, north side.....	33.7
First water from river.....	50.2
Last water, southern edge of dry plains.....	58.3
Cross valley of Devil's Lake (no water).....	66.8
Large swamp (first water).....	109.9
Small creek.....	110.1
Another small creek.....	110.6
Cross old trail.....	112.5
Marshy creek.....	112.8
Eagle Hill creek.....	112.8
Beginning of bluff.....	113.3
End of bluff.....	113.8
Valley of alkaline lakes.....	159.1
Beginning of woods on Eagle Hill.....	185.4
Battleford.....	200.0

The march was magnificently accomplished. On the evening of the 23rd of April, Colonel Herchmer arrived within three miles of the fort, driving before him the beseeching Indians as he approached. On the following morning early, he rode into Battleford, and was followed on the day after by Colonel Otter, with two guns, the Queen's Own Rifles, B. Battery, one Gatling gun, and part of C. Company of the Infantry School. They took with them 190 tons, rations for twenty-five days, and forage for twenty days.

The inhabitants naturally hailed the arrival of the troops with unbounded joy. Battleford was now said to be perfectly safe—no ammunition which had been devoutly wished for for many long weeks.

The rebels meanwhile had decamped in the direction of Poundmaker's Reserve, taking their last with them.

Poundmaker's reserve is about thirty-five miles from Battleford on the south side of Battle River, and nearly due west. For ten or twelve miles from the village the trail leads through a partially settled country, after this there is no settlement. For the entire distance the country is rough and full of bluffs. The reserve itself is situated in one of the most fertile spots in the country and in a very picturesque location. The reserve is five or six miles square and contains many bluffs and rising hills. It is well timbered with large poplars. The trail runs through the northern end and villages are scattered through it. There would be from thirty to sixty houses and fully one hundred tepees. Poundmaker had about three hundred fighting men alone, not to mention the forces of Red Pheasant, Strikehim-on-the-Back, Mosquito, Luckynay, and Little Pine in the same locality. Their combined strength would easily reach 600 or 700 men. They are armed with every conceivable style of weapon, from the war club and bowie knife to the rifle. The probability is that they occupied every vantage point in the bluffs and fought in Indian style. Nearly all the loaded stock and plunder from Battleford was stored on Poundmaker's reserve.

Colonel Otter's force consisted of the following, of whom he left about 400 to Garrison Battleford.

Mounted Police, 90, commanded by Colonel Herchmer; 35th Battalion, Colonel Tyrwhitt, 2 companies; 80th Ottawa Sharpshooters, 40; one half of Winnipeg Field Battery, 50; Queen's Own, Toronto, 250; one half of Toronto Infantry School, 40; "B" Battery, Kingston, 120; Local Company, 40. Total force, 710 men.

Hearing that Poundmaker was holding high carnival with the plunder from the stores and storekeepers at and around a forked trail west

of Battleford, the Colonel proceeded to surprise the camp and punish the Indians, in the full expectation of cutting up and dispersing the whole band. The troops were in high spirits, in the full belief that they were to have a walk over, as it was not believed that Poundmaker had upwards of 130 braves, badly armed, flying column, with less than two days' rations, proceeded about nineteen miles before touching the enemy. The firing of the redskins issued first as if from detached and distributed knots from behind scrub and knolls at considerable distances. These tactics rather disconcerted the troops during the first hour of the fight, but the Indians finally concentrated and took the defensive.

The behaviour of the volunteers after the engagement became general, was cool and intrepid, and this although they felt the overwhelming disadvantage of being exposed to a concealed enemy. About four hours after the engagement opened, a flag was suddenly raised in rear of a point near the centre of the rebel position. At first it was supposed to be a flag of truce, but the later impression is that it was a feint to create the impression that white prisoners were there endangered. Poundmaker had with him about a hundred of his own warriors strengthened by strong forces from "Sweet Grapes," "Thunder Child's" and "Moosehorn's" reserves, although some of these have been professing loyalty to the Dominion. It is said that the first expected the Battleford relief column to attack Poundmaker being promised large tracts in Saskatchewan in case of victory.

Unknown to Colonel Otter the Indians had prepared for them a sort of ambush. Unfortunately, also, owing to the early hour at which the troops arrived on what was to be the scene of conflict, the scouts which preceded the main body were unable to detect this manoeuvre of the enemy's Indians. The first indication which the attacking force received of the presence of the enemy was the appearance of the scout-galloping back towards the column. The first volley was delivered by the police, who, on reaching the summit of the hill, in skirmishing order, lay prone and fired at the foe. They were supported by B. Battery of the Gatling gun, which reached the summit about the same time, as also did the Garrison division. The Indians meanwhile appeared in large numbers, and undaunted by our heavy fire, came on irresistibly till scarce a hundred feet separated the combatants. This was the first "meat-and-potatoes" action which had been brought face to face with the enemy, and the recklessness of the latter was more than surprising. As the rebels still continued to advance, Major Short, in command of B. Battery, called for volunteers for a charge. Men from the Mounted Police, the batteries, C. Company, and Queen's Own Infantry volunteered, and, with a cheer advanced at the double on their opponents. The effect was instantaneous. The conflict for a few moments was actually hand to hand, but in an incredibly short time the Indians finding the onslaught irresistible, turned their backs and made for the cover, mostly pursued by the small body of our men; the remainder returned to the top of the ridge to protect our position; the Indian retreat being covered by such of them as lay under cover. This in reality was the crisis of the fight, but throughout the day the troops were occupied in keeping up a harassing fire from the front. Dismayed and exposed by the Indians to draw our fire, after which they would pour in a volley, and after wild shouts of derision, at the same time charging in force on our advanced lines. Lieut. Pelletier, of Quebec, while repulsing one of these charges from the top of the left flank, fell. During the fight the ambulance corps were everywhere looking after the killed and wounded, the members constantly attracting the rebel fire. Scout Ross, with C. Company, portion of the Battleford men and the Queen's Own, succeeded in alarming the *couleux* on the right after four hours' hard work. The left flank, except at the top, was then occupied by the remaining wings of the Battleford volunteers, the Queen's Own

and the Guard's sharpshooters. During the fight, the Indian boys who were too young to handle a gun, used arrows.

At length the guns, which had done admirable service, were found to be somewhat disabled. They had fired an enormous number of rounds, and with this important part of the force useless, it was considered that a further round of fighting at close quarters would be rash. At a quarter to one, therefore, the order to withdraw was given. The dead and wounded were secured, and the troops crossed the creek and set their faces towards Battleford, being protected in the rear by skirmishers in alternate lines, slowly retreating and keeping the enemy at a distance by constant firing. The enemy harassed the retreat as much as lay in their power, but by means of the Gatling gun and the seven-pounder they were driven off, the column meanwhile retiring in an orderly manner towards Battleford without further incident. The news of this battle created everywhere intense excitement. The interruption of telegraphic communication with Battleford, and the difficulty experienced in receiving despatches giving details of the fight, only added to the uneasy feeling which on all sides was evinced. The Indians, it was known, fought with the utmost coolness and intrepidity, and it was feared that the list of killed and wounded which was first received would, ere long, be indefinitely augmented. Fortunately, however, the loss on our side, though not trivial, was far from being as great as might have been expected and was feared. Appended is a full list of killed and wounded.

**Killed.—North-West Mounted Police:**—Corporal Laurier, Corporal Sleight, Bugler Burke. **Private Sharpshooters:**—Private Osgood, Private Rogers. **C. Company, Infantry School, Toronto:**—Private Dobbs, Bugler Faulkner. **Wounded.—Mounted Police:**—Sergeant McLeod. **B. Battery, Kingston:**—Lieut. Pelletier; Sergeant Gaffney, Corporal Morton, Gunner Reynolds. **C. Company, Infantry:**—Sergeant Major Jackson. **Guard's Sharpshooters:**—Colonel Sergeant Winter, Private McQuilken. **Battleford Volunteers:**—Mr. Gilbert. **Queen's Own Rifles:**—Sergeant Cooper, Private Nary, Private Watts, Private G. E. Lloyd.

Arthur Dobbs, of the Battleford Rifles, who was killed, was about forty-four years of age. He came from Prince Albert last year and had been employed as a cook in the Industrial School. He leaves a wife and two children. He originally came from England.

Corporal Sleight, mounted policeman, was one of the men who escaped from Fort Pitt. He was about twenty-seven years of age.

Bugler Burke is a member of the Boy of the British army and served in India. He married a half-breed and has a family. He had been living at Battleford five or six years. He was about forty-five years of age, and a fine soldierly-looking man.

Private Geo. E. Lloyd, of the Queen's Own, was a student at Wesley College. He came from Brighton, Eng., about three years ago, being a native of that place. He was a school teacher there and a lieutenant in the 10th Middlesex volunteers. He got himself attached to the Queen's Own, and was appointed chaplain while the corps was on service. He has married since his return.

Private Charles Varney, of the Queen's Own, also wounded, was an ex-member of the corps and went as a substitute for a friend. When the rebellion broke out he was out of employment. Last Summer he acted as surveyor's assistant in the North-West.

The above is a more epitome of the skirmish at Cut Knife Creek. Appended is a detailed description by a correspondent of a Toronto daily:

"It was past three o'clock on Friday afternoon when the long column of teams, forty in number, with the Mounted Police and scouts under Col. Herchmer and Capt. Neale in advance moved out of the camp on the south side of the Battle River in the direction of Poundmaker's. Following the police came the artillery with the Gatling and two seven-pounders, under Major Short, Captains Farley and Rutherford, and Lieutenants Pelletier and Prower. After them came in succession "C" Company Infantry School, under Lieut. Wadhams and Lieut. Casella (attached from Q. O. R. during the expedition); Ottawa Foot Guards, under Lieut. Gray; No. 1 Company, Queen's Own, under Capt. Brown, Capt. Hughes, and Lieut. Brock; ammunition teams, forage and provision teams, and the Battleford Rifles, under Capt. Nash and Lieut. Marigold and Baker, bringing up the rear. As the column moved out the men who had been left behind gave a parting cheer, and in a

few minutes the intervening woods shut out the sight of the camp ground. Rain was drizzling, but the sky soon cleared. The trail ran through an uneven country, with high hills covered densely with poplar and underbrush on the left and the river on the right, in a north-westerly direction. It was just such a tract as the Indian delights most to fight in. Couleux or ravines were crossed in endless succession, and the poplar and underbrush that grew thickly up to the trail in many places was impenetrable for any considerable distance with the eye, and in it might lurk a thousand redskins within fifty yards of us without being seen, despite all the care and sharpness of the scouts, who scoured the country, wherever it was possible, for half a mile on either side. The distance to Poundmaker's was thirty-five miles, and by seven o'clock we had made half the journey, and halted to await the rising of the moon. The teams were corralled in an open piece of ground surrounded with underbrush at a distance of probably 500 yards on all sides. Fires were lit, and the men got twenty-four hours' rations of canned corned beef,hardtack and tea. About the fires they whiled away the time till eleven o'clock, waiting for the chance of surprising the Indians in the morning. They were all unquestionably eager for a brush with them, a fact which was plainly evidenced by the impetuosity with which they set upon the foe in the morning when the engagement began.

The clouds had cleared almost entirely from the sky when the moon began to peep over the horizon. But it had grown chilly and the fires were kept blazing brightly for the warmth they gave. At half-past eleven the teams were all harnessed and shortly afterwards struck out in a long column, winding at a quick walk over the trail to Poundmaker's. The men made themselves as comfortable as possible in the wagons, but the rugged nature of the trail made any attempt at sleep futile. The scouts still kept well to their work, for the moon, just beginning to wane in a clear sky, rendered it almost as bright as day. A large number of the men, in order to keep themselves warm, walked alongside the wagons during the night. The trail was run through a more open country, at intervals there being some open stretches of flat, grass-covered land with only here and there a clump of red willow. The glow in the east was observable long before the almanacs ascribed to the sun any intention of rising. At length it rose redly, and just as it tipped the horizon we came upon the hollow where the Indians had been encamped, according to the reports of our scouts, three days previously. The place gave every indication of having been very recently vacated, and it was thought by many that, learning of our approach, they had "skinned out" (to use a familiar expression here) of that portion of the country. There was strong disappointment expressed, for the boys were spoiling for a fight.

"The column advanced through this hollow, and the trail then led them through a deep gully, several hundred yards wide, densely wooded with poplar and willow underbrush, through which the Cut Knife Creek wound its tortuous course. The Creek is probably eight or ten yards wide, two and a half feet deep, with a swift current. Into this gully the column passed without hesitation. We knew we were in the heart of the enemy's stronghold, and might expect to come in view of them at any moment. That was just what we wanted. There was not long to wait. Immediately that we got into the gully we could see to the left, on the slope of one of the high-rolling hills that led up from the gully, two or three dozen head of cattle calmly grazing. The Indians were known to have driven away some hundreds of them from the settlers, and it was evident that they had not long since left. It was even those we saw behind. The column as it went through the winding path in the gully, was somewhat straggling.

"The scouts went along considerably in advance up a long, but not precipitous incline, which carried the trail to the head of the Cut Knife Hill, on the opposite side. While passing through the gully a glimpse could be seen of the tops of the Indians' tepees or wigwags on the summit of a high hill, removed a considerable distance to the left. There was no doubt about the presence of the Indians, and the word went along the column, 'There they are!'

"One or two mounted Indians also now could be seen on the top of a hill to the left. The creek, which we had crossed in called by the Indians Cut Knife Creek, and the hill upon which we made our stand, Cut Knife Hill, in commemoration of the defeat by the Cree of

the Blackfoot Chief Cut Knife and his braves, which took place there.

"When the scouts reached the summit of Cut Knife Hill, over which the trail ran, they were seen to draw back, and take shelter behind some willows on the brow of the hill. The Mounted Police, the Foreman, leading came up almost at once, followed by the Artillery, C Company, the Guards, and Queen's Own close behind, but the rest of the teams still well down the incline and the rear teams with the Battleford Rifles not yet half way over the gully. The scouts, Mounted Police and artillery advanced immediately.

"In a moment the rattle of rifle shots was heard. The fight had begun by the Indians firing on the police and scouts. Those on the incline could not see the enemy, but their presence was no longer in doubt. The artillery pushed at once to the front, and brought their guns into position. The bulk of the enemy engaged was more than 150 yards away, sheltered in the underbush of a couloir on the left slope of the hill we had ascended. The garrison division of B Battery, under Capt. Farley and Lieuts. Pelletier and Prower, were instantly extended in skirmishing order on the brow of the hill, and began to reply to the enemy's fire. The police, on their faces, raised their heads up, peering over the crest as marks for the enemy. The police at once took up similar positions, having dismounted and placed their horses in a slight hollow on the incline up which they had come. They were no sooner extended in this position than 30 or 40 Indians made a rush up the hill on to the guns. The danger of the position was tremendous. Had they gained that hill top and captured the guns they could have dealt certain destruction to the column advancing up the hill. Major Short saw the danger instantly, and called on the men about him to repel the charge. They responded without a moment's hesitation, and then retreated pell-mell to their positions. The Indians rattled into them as soon as they appeared on the hilltop. The distance was thirty yards, and some of the more daring redskins had got to within half that distance. One of these the Major shot at once. The Indians kept the fire up for two or three rounds, and then retreated pell-mell to their positions. They left four dead on the slope. The Indians as they rushed for the guns would throw their blankets high over their heads to draw our fire, then dropping down would deliver a volley, and repeat the same antics every time. Besides the fire of the attacking party, the bullets were whistling in scores from the guns of the rear. Before our men could get back to cover again, Corp. Sleight of the Mounted Police lay dead on the field, Lieut. Pelletier had been shot through the thigh, and Sergeant Gaffney and Sergeant Ward wounded. Major Short had a close call, with a bullet hole through his wedge cap. Immediately after the first charge, the Indians behind him rushed up the hill. The order was given to extend in skirmishing order. The men were in line in a moment. The Queen's Own and Ottawa Foot Guards went to the left until the enemy came in view. Dropping down they narrowly escaped a hot volley from the enemy, sent in as soon as they were seen. The main body of the enemy were turned to the right to cut off the fire of the Indians, which was beginning to come in hotly from over a deep ravine that ran only about twenty yards from the trail, and for distance almost parallel with it. The Battleford Rifles had jumped from the teams at once when the firing began, and ran up the incline. Most of them were called back to protect the rear teams going up to the slight hollow on the trail, when they were drawn up in a bunch. No sooner had the teams got up than the Indians appeared on the trail in the gully below. Thus in five minutes after the first shot was fired, the enemy were rounded and being fired on from all sides. It was evident we had run into a trap. The situation began to look desperate. On all sides the action was hot. The intention of the enemy was to cut off our retreat, and if possible stampede the horses. The little hollow on the face of the hill just above the gully was the only place where they could get protection, but from the rear they could easily be reached if the enemy were advanced a little further than they were up the slope. The great hope of success at this juncture was the grand display of coolness under fire being shown by all our men. The artillery occupied the top of the hill farthest advanced. The Gatling gun had opened fire on the enemy first, at a range of about 200 yards on the left slope of the hill, into a cluster of brush. The Indians got out of that cover and beat a hasty retreat round to the hill on the other side of the hollow, where they again got an underbrush cover. After the first rush it was possible to see more of the two or three of the Indians at once, so that the Gatling was not so destructive as it would have been under other circumstances. But it was kept going for a time almost continuously, and created a terrific din. The two seven-pounders were placed on either side of the Gatling at a distance of perhaps fifty yards. The first time the shells were passed to the Gatling on the hill to the right front. They were admirably aimed, and created consternation. The teams were ripped over and the people scattered in every direction. Both guns soon were throwing their deadly shells into the cover the Indians had retreated to after their rush. The range was about 1,000 yards. The shells fell all effects could be seen by a scattering of the enemy in all directions. The firing on us grew hotter and closer. Volley after volley from friends and foe on all sides, the booming of the cannon, the rapid rattle of the Gatling and the rifles, mingled with the wild whooping of the Indians, made up a furious tumult that no

description can give an adequate idea of. But never for a moment did our men swerve. Officers and men were as cool and determined as if the day was already theirs. About an hour after the engagement was begun, the order was given to retreat. The Battleford Rifles, the men of the uniformed company did not wait to hear the order twice. With a loud cheer they dashed down the incline and into the wood of the deep gully, over which the column had crossed. The Indians under cover stood the attack a few moments and then began to fall back. The Battleford boys raced them up the gully to the right, firing whenever an Indian head appeared. It took half an hour to clear the back, and then Lieut. Marigold turned his men to clear the gully on the other side of the trail. The Indians posted there also gave way and ran back to their former position. It was a grand chase, and a glorious success. The rear was entirely cleared of the enemy, and our men remained in command of the position. But the Indians were again coming down into the gully into the position on the right side of the trail, from which Capt. Naah had previously dislodged them. Charles Ross, the famous Mounted Police scout, was sent to clear the gully during the action, saw the position, stepped into the breach. Calling for volunteers, some of the Queen's Own, "O" Company, and Ottawa Guards, were at his side in an instant, and they started to intercept the Indians' advance. The reds cleared out at once up the gully and into a ravine from the corner of which a number of the men had been firing on the men of "O" Company, who were replying across the ravine near where the teams were stationed. Ross and his followers pursued them hotly. The Guards could not understand why the enemy they had been watching so suddenly had silenced their fire so suddenly. But the Guards didn't know that Ross and his daring followers had got round in the rear of the enemy and were engaged in hot pursuit of them. The Indians had a number of horses there and were attempting to ride off. A volley from our men emptied four of the saddles, the redskins dropping dead to the ground, and the others were also shot down. The pursuit stopped. Ross immediately cleared up the side of the ravine, and the instant he reached the summit, where the Indians had previously been firing from, the skirmishers of "O" Company mistook him for one of the enemy, and in an instant a dozen bullets were sent flying at him. But he had had a white handkerchief to the muzzle of his rifle and waving it about his head, the rifles were lowered. One man standing among the teams raised a rifle and fired at Ross, the bullet providentially going wide. Col. Otter saw the white flag waved, and not recognizing Ross as he was on the ground, he fired only a minute before occupied by the enemy, evidently mistook the flag as a signal of truce from the Indians. He walked over to the edge of the ravine as if to parley, but Ross was recognized by this time and in a moment the red coats of his men came up from behind the hill riding the ponies they had captured. The fight had lasted about three and a half hours. The enemy had been driven from the right flank and rear, and the vital position of the field where the horses stood was comparatively safe. The backbone of what was undoubtedly the Indian plan of attack was broken. They had tried to keep us surrounded by the rear and right flank clear, the enemy was now pretty well in front of us. They must be kept there. Nobly did the men stick to their positions, and continued in the aggressive all the time.

The cannons and Gatling were belching incessantly, but the trail of one of the seven-pounders shortly gave out; the carriage, rotten with age, fell to pieces and the gun was silenced. A number of "O" Company had come over to the left flank, and fell into the skirmishing line up to this time held by the Queen's Own, Guards, Police, and Garrison Artillery. As we were firing the enemy was pushing over the side of the hill and across a hollow into the underbush on the summit of the opposite hill, where the enemy were keeping up a constant fire at a range of from 600 to 750 yards. If one of our men unlucky rose up into view a dozen puffs of smoke would come from the underbush and the enemy would again instantly get under cover, while the bullets would whistle fiercely but harmlessly over. This position was held with little change for an hour and a half. The Indians were constantly playing their old game to draw our fire. Up would go a hat on the muzzle of a rifle, or a blanket would be thrown up, and as our men took aim at the enemy the moment they had on their uncovered heads. Our fellows "got on to the dodge" at length, and played similar pranks. The enemy were shooting with remarkable accuracy, and it was believed that many Halfbreeds were among their number.

"At 10 o'clock the guns had about silenced the fire. At 11 o'clock the enemy had moved back and were beginning to pour in a dangerous flank fire on the skirmishers on the side of the hill. This had to be stopped. Capt. Rutherford directed a shell into the gully. It burst almost over the heads of the Battleford Rifles, who were hotly holding the position and they had been ordered to. The shelling of the gully caused them to fall back, but the word was soon sent along that no more shells would be fired and they resumed their position. Col. Otter ordered Capt. Brown to send the left half of the Queen's Own to occupy a small hill over which the flank fire was coming. The order was passed to Lieut. Brock, who was in charge of the left half. The object was to

drive the Indians farther back, and the Battleford Rifles going up the gully would prevent them again taking cover there. It was a hazardous venture. About 20 men, some of them guards and police, responded to Lieut. Brock's call to charge for the hill. Away they went, right on, and along down the incline, the bullets. Brock, revolver in hand, was leading by half a dozen yards. The men in the skirmishing line behind let out a loud cheer as they saw the plucky fellow dashing up the hill-side, right into the line of the enemy's bullets over the top. More than half the men dropped just as the summit was reached. Brock and the remainder passed right over our view. A thrill ran through every spectator. The men got over the hill and started down in full view of the Indians a little over a hundred yards away. The men opened fire, Brock with his revolver, but it was useless. The enemy sent up a withering fire, and the men were forced back again over the top of the hill and dropped into cover, five of them having felt the bullets of the enemy. "Honour the wild charge they made." Brave Lieut. Brock and his brave followers, Col. Sergt. Cooper and Privates Vasey and Watts of the Queen's Own, and one of the Guards were more or less seriously wounded. Col. Sergt. Cooper's forehead was grazed by a bullet, but he persevered orders that the hill should be held, and they kept it until the final withdrawal, in order to protect the teams on the way out.

"The Indians were making a great fight of it, and when chased out of one position resumed the fight in another. Their tactics were unexampled in Indian fighting. They clearly must have been aware. It looked as if they intended keeping it up all day, and it would have been certain disaster to our force to have been left at nightfall in the position into which we had been entrapped, without the assistance of our guns, which were now perfectly useless, and the other almost so. The only safety was in a withdrawal, and for this, Col. Otter began to lay his plans. The Scouts, Battleford Rifles, and Capt. Rutherford and his men, with one of the seven pounders, were ordered to proceed through the gully and through the high banks on the opposite side, through which the trail ran, to the position commanded the whole line of retreat. The order was obeyed in splendid style. In a quarter of an hour they were all in position, the rifles and artillery on a cut bank 40 or 50 feet high, and the scouts on the top of a high hill. All the while all of the gully passed right between these positions. The Indians were the first to descend through the gully, and the Indians then became aware that our force intended to withdraw. This was shortly after twelve o'clock. At that time the enemy had almost ceased firing, and it is the belief of many who knew the Indians pretty well, that they were waiting for the opportunity to strike themselves when they saw us leaving. None of our men left their positions on the field till every wagon and horse had safely passed through the gully. Then came the real danger of the situation. The men had to retire down the long incline leading to the gully always with their backs to the enemy, and the enemy was up over the ground they had just left. The firing from both parties was hot, and appeared from the position of the party who were occupying the hills, to protect the retirement, much more deadly than it afterwards turned out to be. But it was a moment of supreme danger, when the enemy were passing down into the gully a considerable distance up, with the object, no doubt, of coming up with our men as they were crossing the gully, and cutting them off from the teams and the party on the other side. If this could have been done, the chances would have been in favour of the Indians. When the smoke cleared away, the sight of Col. Otter had provided against such a chance. From the gun on the bank Capt. Rutherford sent a couple of shells directly into the horde of mounted redskins who were coming down the hill over the field, where our men had fought all day. Numbers of them must have been killed, when the smoke cleared away again, the Indians were turned right about and going in the opposite direction. The Indians who had got down into the gully further up came on, but the scouts posted on the sand hill kept them in check. After all our men had got down to the bottom (and in the gully they were thoroughly covered by the men posted on the sand hill and came right through leisurely enough. The Indians had got just as much, as they wanted of it, and their losses must have been very heavy. Once out on the open land beyond the gully, the danger was over, at least for the present. It was simply a case of a military force running into a trap, staying there long enough to allow the enemy to surround them, and this being found impossible, through the collapse of the guns, fighting their way out again. The plan of the retirement was perfect, and it was perfectly executed.

"The whole column immediately took to the wagons and returned to Battleford, arriving at 1 o'clock. The Indians did not attempt to follow us up, a certain indication that they had lost heavily in the day's action.

"There would have been a different tale to tell of the result of this day's action if the seven-pounder guns had held out. Before three shots had been fired out of one of them, the gun was out of the trunk of the horse and rolled over the incline. It had to be carried up and placed on the carriage each time till about 15 rounds had been fired, when the trail was smashed and the gun became entirely useless. The second seven-pounder was also badly disabled, having to be roped on to the carriage after every shot. It was so difficult to move that it was impossible to know. A halt was called, the scouts collected, rifles were got ready, but the approaching force was happily discovered.

have been wise to follow up the decided advantage we had gained in silencing the enemy at the time of the withdrawal. The guns were really our most powerful force in driving the enemy before us.

"Artillerymen will appreciate the difficulties of our position in directing the fire. The guns were right on the brow of the hill, and in a line with the enemy's fire, the gunners, therefore, had to do all their work, loading and firing while lying on their backs, and with their guns jumping off at every shot, the difficulties were vastly increased. The guns were run into buffalo walls, which were plentiful on the hill, and these walls prevented the recoil from sending the whole carriage backward down the hill.

"On the day following the fight the funeral of the victims took place with military honours. The entire command, besides the local volunteers, turned out. The bodies were interred near the Queen's Own lines, between the fort and the new town, near the graves of Fremont and Smart, who were killed by Indians some time ago. The Rev. Father Bignone, the Roman Catholic priest, and Rev. Mr. Layton, the Episcopal clergyman, officiated, the services at the graves being very impressive and imposing. The company, who acted as the firing party, fired volleys of salute. It is not necessary here, however, to enter into any discussion of the question. Our troops acquitted themselves admirably, and the enemy was shown with what deception of force he was now opposed. To our own men the battle was not without its lessons, though perhaps somewhat dearly bought.

At this point we shall leave Colonel Otter and his gallant men at Battleford, making camp as pleasant as the exigencies of the occasion would permit, and shall proceed to enquire what is being accomplished by General Middleton in the task he set out to perform.

## AFTER FISH CREEK.

We left General Middleton and his force just having defeated the rebels at Fish Creek. If fighting all day was hard work, the duties that succeeded that battle necessitated still harder work. It rained all night; the camp was excessively crowded; there were not tents enough to accommodate the men, and the men were the river to take their share in the combat; and hosts of men either crowded into the already full tents or spent the night lying on the cold, wet ground. The Grenadiers, who had come over and joined the 90th in their assault upon the rebels, came over hurriedly and unimproved with overcast clouds, the men were suffering dread. The enemy were supposed to be in close proximity, and at any moment a night attack might have been made. A very heavy patrol was posted round the camp, and the mounted patrol all night kept a sharp lookout from every side. When dawn broke, scouts were sent out to look for the enemy. The first thing to be done was to get possession of the body of Batterymen's Remanally, which had fallen out of sight. Then followed the burial of the dead soldiers. A sad duty. Pioneers were told off to dig the graves. The ambulance carried their dead comrades, who were followed by the men carrying the most impressive burial service ever read, and the General made a short and telling speech. "He knew," he said, "that his men would help him to avenge the death of those who had died fighting for their country. Their friends inscribed names upon rude memorials and placed them in the graves. In the afternoon of the same day came the sad and painful duty of performing operations upon the wounded. Four long tents were pitched on one side of the camp, and these were filled with those who had received wounds the day before. From these the men were brought one by one upon stretchers to the operating tent, where all the chief surgeons were ready with their instruments. The operations were carefully and skilfully performed, and owing to the good constitutions of the men and the wonderful atmosphere of the prairie all admirably succeeded.

On the day of May all the wounded were removed to Saskatoon, the hospital which had been seized, were slain and flayed and their hides dried, and with them comfortable covers were made for the transportation of the sick men. The skins were stretched to the sides of the boxes of the wagons; over them boughs were bound covered with canvas; pillows of hay were made, and everything that might give any skill could devise was done to the comfort of those who had so severely suffered at the battle of Fish Creek. Drs. Orton and Halston took charge of the wounded, and an escort of Boulton's scouts accompanied the expedition. At a slow pace they marched over the prairie, not without fear of an attack. In the afternoon upon the opposite banks of the river were seen rebel scouts keeping a keen watch upon the slowly moving force. At every few yards were encountered the buffalo runs which badly jolted the wounded men. On nearing Clarke's Crossing, a large body of men was espied approaching. Whether they were friendly or hostile it was impossible to know. A halt was called, the scouts collected, rifles were got ready, but the approaching force was happily discovered.



TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING CO.

**THE BATTLE OF CUT KNIFE CREEK.** [See page 26 and 39.]  
(From a sketch by Lieut. B. Lyndhurst Wadsworth, "O" Company, Infantry School Corps.)



[illegible]

just was this. The whole camp trusted these night watchers, and well did they perform their duty.

It is difficult for us, dwelling quietly within our own safe protecting four walls, to picture to ourselves the little band of men clustered together on that lonely prairie, a thousand miles from home; above them the open, unprotected sky, round them a few vagrants and a little earth, and beyond that, a host of treacherous savages. Truly depressing surroundings. And worst of all, they lay in their pits, or creaked from shelter to shelter, firing upon our brave men; and yet, beyond retreating their fire, nothing could be done.

All this the General saw, and determined to put an end to it. Murat once his officers had begged leave to be allowed to lead their men into a hand-to-hand combat with the rebels, and now he acceded to their request. Inaction shall cease. A charge shall be made.

On the Monday, therefore, a reconnaissance in force was made towards the right of our line, and here it was determined, on the following day to make a feigned attack, in order that the enemy's attention might be diverted from the main point of attack. The ground was known, the enemy's position, the lay of the rifle-pits, their strong at weak points, the key to the position—all had been thought of, and nothing remained but to take Batoche at the point of the bayonet.

Tuesday came—breakfast was later to-day. Something was about to happen. The men were nervous, and anxiously they awaited orders. About nine o'clock the General left the camp, talking with him the Intelligence Corps, under Captain Dennis, a gun from "A" Battery, and the Gatling. He proceeded along the open plateau to the extreme right of our position and facing the left wing of the enemy. His intention was to divert the enemy's attention, diverting their attention, and prepare the way for Col. Van Straubenzie to attack in force straight before him. The troops were drawn up. In front the Grenadiers, two deep, to their left the Midland Battalion supporting them, with the 90th Rifles in reserve. All were ready. The ground was known, the enemy's position, the lay of the rifle-pits, their strong at weak points, the key to the position—all had been thought of, and nothing remained but to take Batoche at the point of the bayonet.

Everything was ready. Then comes the order: "Fix bayonets! Charge! Hurrah! And they charged and hurrahed. What a cheer! What a charge! Down they rushed, helter-skelter, pell-mell, straight before them, plunging into rifle-pits, firing, bayoneting as they went, without a stop, and they cheered and cheered, and the 90th rushed out after them, determined not to miss a particle of the fun, and the Midland Battalion followed in their front, and the scouts came pouring over by the left, and still there in the centre was that long line of red coated Grenadiers, firing, cheering, bayoneting, carrying everything before them, nothing stopping them, past the church, past the school-house, past the graveyard, down and up, on to Batoche. What a charge! What a hurrahing, stopping here a moment to get rid of that concentrated fire, rushing on again, throwing off a coat to get on faster, clearing out pits by the dozen, knocking over Indians past the bluffs, past the rising ground, past the open field, on, on to Batoche. Ah! what a charge! It is not over yet. What a noise too. There was the rattle of the Gatling, a cheering sound, a beautiful sound. Keep it up, Howard. All over was the din of the rifle; and the cheers from one end of the line to the other, and the yells from the rebels, from one end of the line to the other. "Hard work, do you say? Yes, hard work. Not play work. Far from it. Not done with out loss too. These rebels fought well. They stuck to their pits to the last. They kept up heavy firing, and sometimes the firing was from three sides at once from the pits in front, from the pits behind, from across the river. The wonder is our men were not decimated.

As we were looking down the river, Captain Ritchie, one of the best and bravest of the Grenadier officers, was shot through the heart as he led courageously his men. Captain French, at the head of his scouts, was shot down as he cheered. Captain Brown, of Boulton's Scouts, was shot dead. Private Barton was twice hit before he gave in. Yes, the loss was heavy, and the rebels obstinate.

"The enemy still contested the ground," writes a graphic describer. "Firing, they retired, and many a poor fellow bit the ground. The red cross men were now to be seen here,

there, and everywhere. Amid all the din, the noise, and cheering, a poor fellow could be heard now and again calling for a stretcher. The open space, the ploughed field, and then the river, and the river was some that was to be the hottest. The night, however, was the 30th, sneering up against the Grenadiers, and soon all became mixed. The Surveyor's Corps, too, from the right, came swinging round towards the houses, and they, too, joined in the mixing. (It mattered not for there was but one command, "Double it." On, down across the open they went. A storm of bullets crossed the open, but they came too late. Nothing could stop the force of the rush. The Grenadiers suffered here terribly, but the rush went on all the same. The rebels, from the houses to the front, poured a raking fire into the advancing line, and first one and then another kept dropping from the ploughed field was reached. In front of the house were long trenches running parallel to our line of attack. From these, also, the firing came hot and furious, and with the bitterness of disappointed men knowing that they were being beaten. The ploughed field was reached at last, and on past it the rush continued. The first house to come over was the little one on the bank. Helter-skelter, the rebels were shot from the back portion of the house. The end had come. Our men knew it and felt it, and flushed with victory they pushed ahead and jumped upon the rebels in the very trenches before the house. They had passed the log stable in front of the prison house, on past it with such a rush that a handful of rebels had escaped notice, and so it was Lieutenant Gordon, of the Surveyor's Corps, got his nasty arm wound. Over the heads of the rebels, who lay in the trenches, on into the prison house, and with a deafening cheer the men pulled up the prisoners from the poisoned atmosphere of their dark and slimy cells. The first of these, still on the ground, were the Grenadiers, coming out, was shot from the trenches, which our men rushed by, to enter the store and release the prisoners. The charge continued on past the house, and on towards the rebel camp. In the meanwhile Batoche's house had been taken, poor fellow, receiving his death wound at the upper window of a house he had just entered. There was nothing now left of the line. Every man dashed along, and plunged ahead in a sort of "go-as-you-please" style, except that he went at fever heat. Men from the extreme right, got mixed up with men from the extreme left, and men took refuge from the officers nearest them, and a confusion of men, he believed to be the last of the line of houses dashed portions of the regiments determined to be in the brush. On up to the council house, where Captain Young secured important papers. The Grenadiers in the meanwhile, led on by Graetz, and the Midland on the slope and water's edge, charged in the rear of the pits in front of the halfbreed and Indian camp.

Listen to another writer:—"The rebels stuck to their rifle-pits with great tenacity and several of them were run through with the bayonet while taking aim. One Indian, whose face presented a horrible picture from the hideous war paint, discharged his rifle without success against a captain, and although the captain was wounded, he did not stop him. The breach block to insert another cartridge, which he received his quietus at the hands of a stalwart Grenadier, who ran his bayonet through the Indian with such force that the savage was lifted from his feet and carried over the edge of his pit at the point of the rifle. But very few rebels were killed. The men dashed the dash down the slope, but every one who was seen were seen tumbling over like nincompoops across the brushwood. In the bluffs, a short distance across the open from the bottom of the slope, a large number of the rebels gathered and for some minutes held in check the troops. While lying close and cautiously returning the rebel fire, a group of grenadiers, led by Jarvis and the Gatling, under Lieutenant Rivers, rushed down the trail over the slope with fire-engine speed. It was soon unnumbered, and Captain Howard was soon peppering the bluffs in front. No. 2 gun, 'C' Battery, under Lieutenant Ogilvie, and the two guns of the Winnipeg Battery, under Major Jarvis and Captain Conliffe, had also been brought up by Lieutenant-Colonel Montgomerie, commandant of the Artillery Brigade, and soon announced their presence by firing time-fuse shrapnel into the bluffs. This soon reduced the galling fire to which our troops had been exposed, and with the aid of the two black-coated companies of the 90th Rifles, the line was ready for the final dash for death or glory. The men were as steady as rocks. The rebels were scattered in all directions, but puffs of smoke from the bush and the whizz of bullets overhead, showed that they had retired, not retreated, and were bound on contesting every bluff.

"As the bluff on which the line was playing was occupied by our men, the Gatling was ordered to the plateau in the rear whence the nine-pounders were shelling the bluffs and did good work in confusing the fugitives as they ran from bluff to bluff.

• E. J. C. in The Montreal Star.

dred yards from the pits in a wide opening, offering no cover, and had our advance on Batoche preceded by this trail, a much harder task must have been experienced, as the rifle-pits made an almost continuous line a mile long completely covering Batoche from the east. Major Howard's men advanced on their own, and made entrenchments by their left flank, and although that the rebels had but a little advantage from their month's labour, as the pits were protected only from the front. There were a large number of rebels in the pits; but on the impetuous rush of Boulton's men they skedaddled with the same celerity as their comrades in the plain, firing as they retired.

"To reach Batoche a large ploughed field without any shelter had to be crossed from the bluff, and it was, here that most of our casualties occurred. Hundreds of rebel marksmen held the houses and poured in a deadly hail on the advancing troops until disabled by the artillery, who planted several shrapnel with percussion fuses into the roofs. This soon emptied the houses, and the rebels scattered in all directions. The men advanced with a rush, and so impetuous was it that the men of the different corps got mixed up, and the men who had engaged the rebels represented all of the corps engaged. The prisoners were the first thought of by everyone, and great was the delight, when in the cellar of the first house, were heard the welcome voices of the prisoners announcing their presence. All prisoners were found in the different cellars, and a hearty cheer was sent along the line as the result was ascertained. The rebels now fled, and there were at last victorious, and advanced with even more impetuosity than before. Nothing could withstand them. The rebel camp on the bank of the river was found deserted by all but weeping women and children as the troops rushed through in chase of the rebels, and the whole line dashed on, and the village being reached, coming to a halt, further than necessary to fire a few shots as the rebels contested their advance. The Gatling and one nine-pounder of the Winnipeg Battery were then advanced and succeeded in silencing the rebel riflemen before the victorious infantry and dismounted cavalry were withdrawn to the village to bivouac for the night.

"The pluck of the troops throughout was unexcelled. Nothing could stop them when once their enthusiasm was aroused, and none shirked their duty. The General appeared all over the field, encouraging the men where the bullets were the fastest, and giving assistance to some of the junior officers. When the General, at the close of the fight, briefly addressed the force, and describing himself as the proudest man in the world, praised the men for their gallantry and steadiness, the cheers which were given in response were rather a recognition of the General's unswerving pluck than a demonstration of the contempt of the rebels. So the day was won. Batoche was ours. The stronghold of the rebels had fallen. The prisoners were released. Let us not here mar the delight we feel in so glorious a victory by any saddening accounts of the details that must follow all victories won by wounds and death.

"And now, what was the object of the charge delayed so long? Why, in fact, was not this form of attack adopted at the very outset? Could the General in command not have known that a dash by disciplined troops was irresistible? That all that was required was an order to charge, and the pits would have been ours? Yes, no doubt he might. But is not for the uniformed and untrained to pass a happy opinion upon a subject upon which it is impossible to know all the details. His troops Gen. Middleton apparently was determined to preserve as much as possible from all avoidable risks. They were volunteers, not regulars. Every loss was a loss that was felt. The victory gained by the last blow was a tactical one, and the victory was a tactical one. A charge over ground such as lay between our force and the village of Batoche was no ordinary charge. What would be the results of traversing this space, filled as it was with rifle-pits, it was not easy to foretell. Many of the enemy were known to have been around with repeating rifles, and who deduction seemed probable of inflicting was a painful thought. The nature of the ground, too, which lay between and around the opposing forces, was not learned without much careful investigation. These, amongst many other things, we must consider before venturing any assertions as to the advantages of a charge earlier in the history than the attack on Batoche. That the charge was splendidly executed, executed as the General himself officially wrote, "with a cheer and a dash worthy the soldiers of any army," and that it achieved all, and more than all that was, perhaps, hoped or imagined, we now all know. But we must not on that account be blind to the many and intricate questions that are to be answered before the final bugle call could be given.

General Middleton's official reports of the engagement at Batoche should be read in full:

"BATOCHE'S HOUSE, May 12th, 1885.

"Hon. A. P. Caron, Ottawa:

"Have just made a general attack and carried the whole settlement. The men behaved splendidly. The rebels are in full flight. Am sorry to say I have not got time. While I was reconnoitering this morning, Wm. Ashley, our reconnoiterer, was galloped with a flag of truce, and handed me a letter from Riel, saying:

"If you massacre our families I shall massacre the prisoners."

"I sent answer that if he would put his women and children in one place, and let me know where it was, not a shot should be fired on them. I then returned to camp and pushed on my advance parties, who were

heavily fired on. I so pressed on until I saw my chance and ordered a general advance. The men responded nobly, splendidly led by their officers, and Col. Straubenzie drove the enemy out of the rifle-pits. After taking the rifle-pits they forced their way across the plain and seized the houses and the river. The rebels were driven in the heat of the action, Mr. Ashley came back with another message from Riel, as follows:

"General, your prompt answer to my note shows that I was right in mentioning to you the cause of humanity. We will gather our families in one place, and as soon as it is done we will let you know."

"I have, etc."

"(Signed), LOUIS DAVID RIEL."

"On the envelope he had written as follows: 'I do not like war, and if you do not, do not, and refuse an interview, the question remains the same concerning the prisoners.' Our loss, I am afraid, is heavy, but not so heavy as might be expected; yet, I find it is five killed and 11 wounded. The killed are Captain French, commanding the scouts; Lieut. Fitch, 10th Grenadiers; Captain Brown, Boulton's scouts; A. W. Kippen, surveyor's scout; Private Wheeler, 90th Battalion.

"Wounded: Lieutenant Gordon, Surveyor's scouts; Lieut. Lawdell, 10th; Major Dawson, 10th, slightly; Sergeant-Major Watson, 90th, slightly in ankle; Sergeant-Jones, 90th, in hand; Private Young, 90th, flesh wound in thigh; Private W. Cook, 10th, shoulder; Lieut. A. M. Gaugan, 10th, in finger; Private C. Barber, slight wound in head; Private J. W. Quibb, flesh wound in arm; Private J. Marshall, 10th, flesh wound in calf; Private W. Wilson, 10th, slight, across the back; Private Barton, 10th, and thigh and groin, seriously; Corporal Hall, 10th, Midland, face and arm, shot; Lieut. A. H. Hellwell, Midland, in shoulder. This is all I know of at present. The prisoners were all released, and they are safe in my camp. Amongst them is Jackson, the white man who was Riel's secretary, but who is mad and rather dangerous now."

"(Signed), FRANK MONTGOMERY, Major-General."

"FROM BATOCHE, N.W.T., May 13, 1885."

"To Hon. A. P. Caron:

"Since our last evening despatch to you I have ascertained some particulars of our victory, which was most complete. I have myself counted twelve half-breeds on the field, and we have four wounded half-breeds in hospital and two Sioux. Among the wounded half-breeds is one Ambrose Joubin, a councillor, and Joseph Belorme. As far as I can ascertain Riel and Gabriel Dumont left as soon as they were getting well in, but cannot ascertain for certain which side of the river he is, but think he must be this side. The extraordinary skill displayed in making the rifle pits at the exact proper points, and the number of them, is very remarkable, and had we not been ready or heedless, I believe we might have been defeated."

"As I told you, I reconnoitered to my right front with all my mounted men yesterday morning, with a view to the withdrawal of as many of their men from my left attack, which was the key of the position, and on my return to camp forced on my left, and then advanced the whole line with a cheer and a dash worthy of the soldiers of any army. The effect was remarkable. The enemy in front of our left was forced back from pit to pit, and those in the strongest pits facing east, found them turned, and our men behind them, then commenced *en masse*, and they fled, leaving blankets, traps, hats, boots, and rifles, and their pits. The conduct of the troops was beyond praise, the Midland and the Tenth regiments vying with each other, well supported by the Ninetieth, and flanked by the mounted portion of the troops. The artillery and Gatling also assisted in the attack with good effect, and the whole line was so well supported, and victorious to mention particular names, as they are always some who, by good luck, are brought prominently before the eye of the commanding officer, and these names I shall submit to you later on."

"My staff gave me every assistance, and were most energetic and zealous. The medical arrangement, under Brigade-Surgeon Orton, was as usual, most excellent, and efficiently carried out."

"I have to regret the death of three officers, as well as two soldiers, but they died nobly and well. I found no want of ammunition or food among the enemy, in spite of what has been said to the contrary. We found large quantities of powder and shot."

"Nearly the whole of the rebel's families were left, and are encamped close to the river bank. They were terribly frightened, but I have reassured them and protected them."

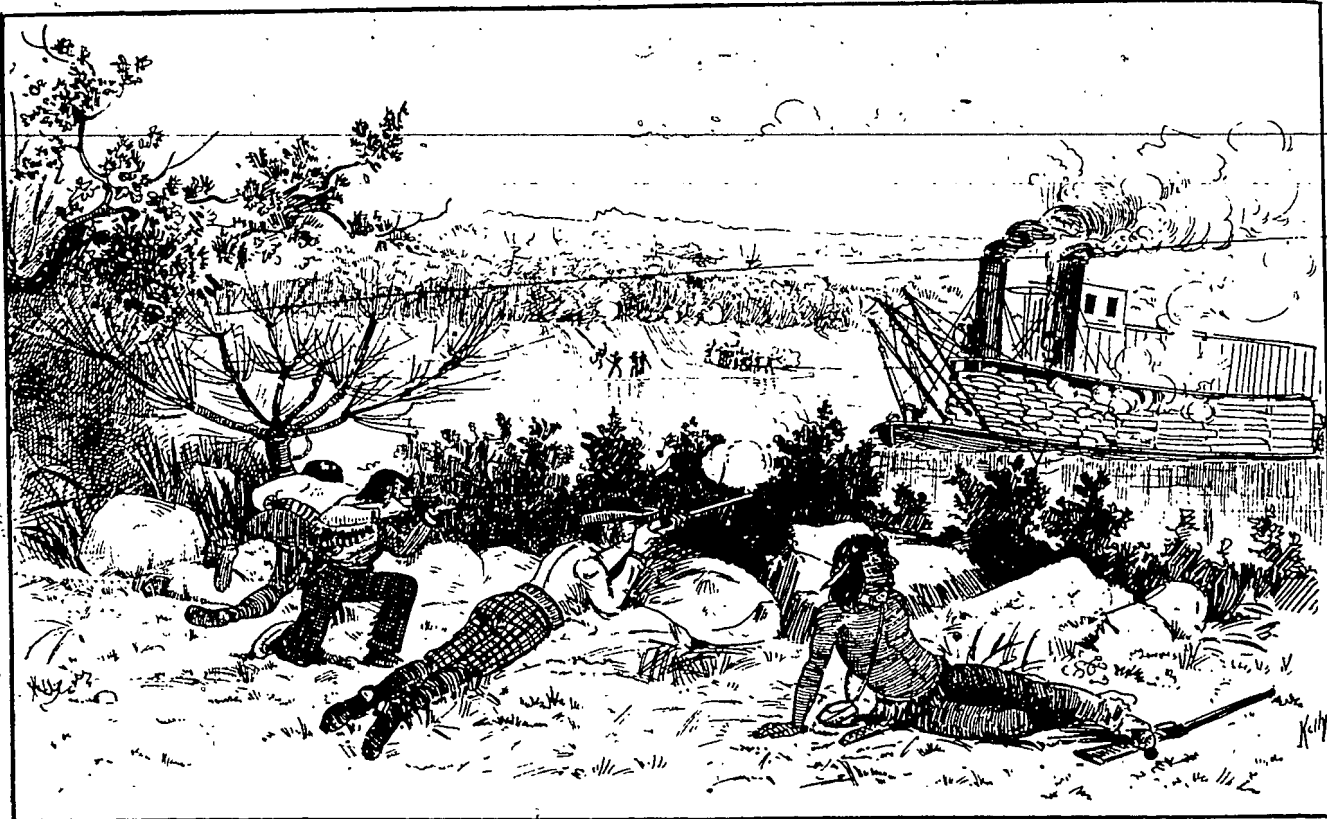
"There is a report that Gabriel Dumont is killed, but I do not believe it. He is, I think, he is wounded. One of the killed has been recognized as Donald Ross, one of the council."

"Yesterday evening, just as the action was finished, the *Northcote* and *Marquis* steamers arrived on the latter having twenty-five policemen all aboard, and who were to take the *Northcote* and *Marquis* to the river, and the *Northcote* was very badly, and, though it was well fortified, the rebels managed to wound two men slightly."

"The *Northcote* got on a shoal for a short time, but managed to keep the enemy off, and to get off themselves. Finding that, owing to the large *ships*, the rebels could not go up again, they decided to run down to the Hudson Bay crossing to get rid of them, and return."

"At the crossing they found the other steamer, and came up together."

"This morning I sent out a letter addressed to Riel, as follows:



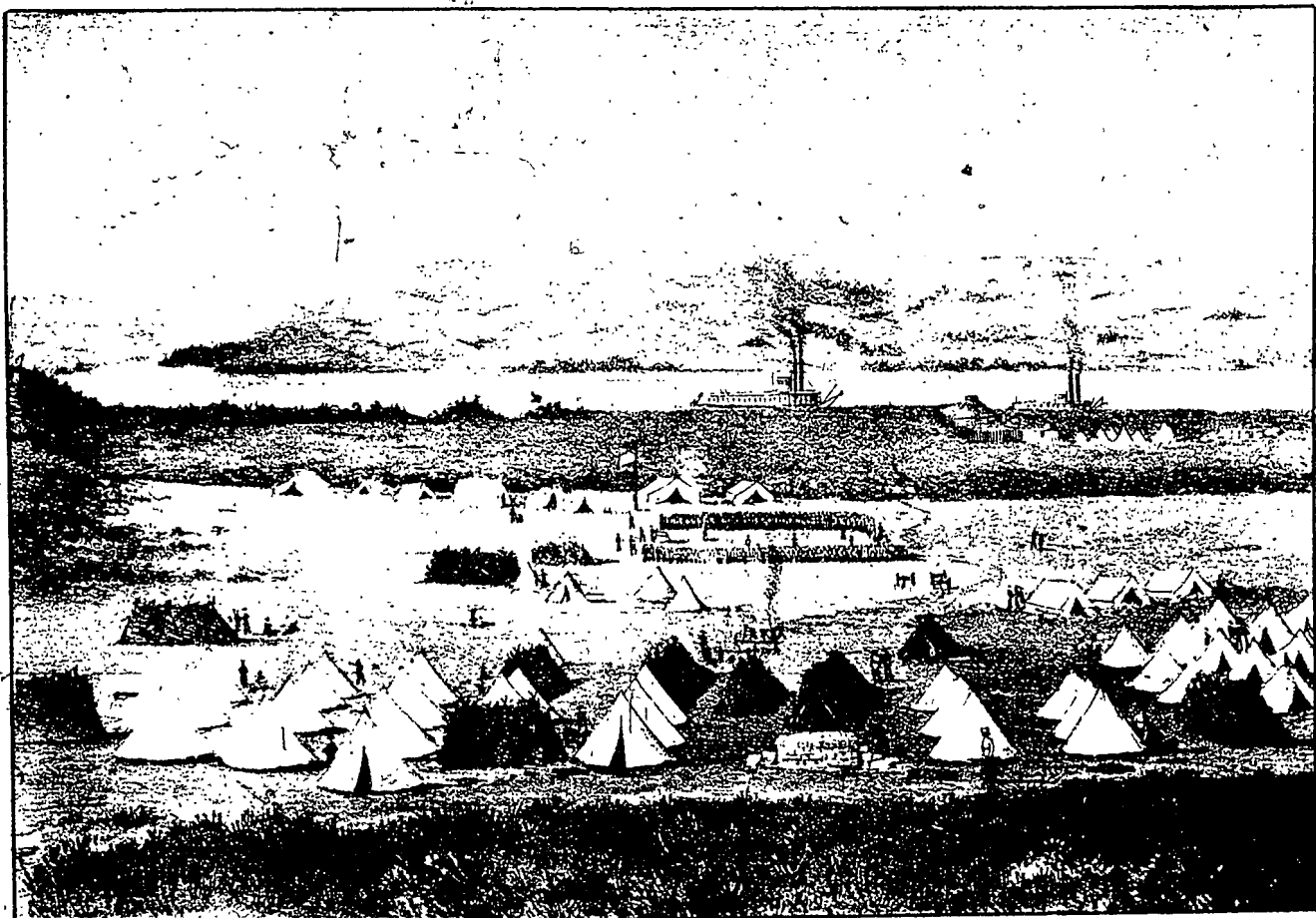
THE STEAMER "NORTHCOTE" RUNNING THE GAUNTLET AT BATOCHE, MAY 8TH, 1885. [See page 39.]



CAPTURE OF LOUIS RIEL BY THE SCOUTS ARMSTRONG AND HOWIE, MAY 15TH, 1885. [See page 39.]



BIG BEAR SURRENDERING TO THE MOUNTED POLICE ON AN ISLAND IN THE SASKATCHEWAN. [See page 39.]



CHURCH PARADE AT FORT PITT, SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 2ND, 1885. [See page 39.]

(From a sketch by Corporal E. C. Currie, No. 4 Company, 10th Battalion Royal Grenadiers.)







the men an excellent example, and Canon Mackay risked his life to a considerable extent. I thank you for your kindness in sending ambulance, tents and ration.

J. B. STRAZZ,  
"Major General, Cavalry,  
"Alberta Field Force."

On the day previous to this fight, Mrs. DeLancy and Mrs. Gowanlock, captives since the Frog Lake massacre, succeeded in making their escape. The half-breeds who had been so zealous protecting these ladies from the Indians during the long, dreadful two months of their captivity, had formed a little caravan of their own, and when the camp moved they moved along with it in a body. On the Monday morning in question, the Indian camp moved slightly in advance of the half-breed party in charge of the prisoners. This was the first time such a lack of watchfulness had been exhibited by the Indians, and taking advantage of their position, the half-breeds dropped further behind, and finally turned off the trail and drove their own people to a point as far as possible in the direction of Turtle Lake. They intended making a wide detour, and come round again to Fort Pitt, where they knew they would be safe. A party of a dozen of our scouts, however, got on their trail. Thinking they were a band of Indians escaping from the general camp, they dashed suddenly into their midst, and without further ado were seen to put down their arms. It only needed a minute to show the real state of affairs. Both parties were surprised, the scouts on account of their unlooked for discovery, the half-breeds, that friends should dash in upon them with such fury. Among the scouts was Mr. Wm. McKay, Hudson's Bay Factor at Batoche, and well acquainted with both ladies. Their meeting, under such circumstances, may be better imagined than described. A scene so affecting as it was, is better left to the imagination, at all events. No delay was made in heading the caravan in the direction of Fort Pitt, and they all arrived there on the morning of the 14th.

We have seen that Major Stedie in his report makes mention of General Middleton. We had left him at Batoche. To him we must now return, and trace his advance up to his junction with General Strange.

The day following the victory was occupied in receiving the submissions of the half-breeds. While the place was disarmed and allowed to depart. The ringleaders and those suspected of having been implicated in the massacres were held and sent to Regina. While the priests were engaged in burying the rebels killed in the fight, the troops performed the last sad rites and funeral services in arms. Among them, Capt. Brown, of Boulton's Scouts, was laid in a soldier's grave in sight of the mystic Saskatchewan. With tender hands and kind words of encouragement the wounded were placed on board the steamer and sent to comfortable quarters in the hospital at Saskatchewan. The relations of the rebels were pitiful sight. About two hundred women and children were huddled together under carts and in tents, among the ruins of what were but a short time before comfortable and happy homes. Four days had destroyed the results of years of patient labour and toil. Some of them saw with sad grief their husbands carried off to never return, and they had been led into by a foolish, yet blind confidence in their leaders. Riel, the arch rebel, was still at large, but the scouts were fast closing on his foot-prints. Meanwhile the troops were preparing for a further advance through the seat of the rebellion.

On the morning of the 14th May they left Batoche and struck for Guardhouse's Crossing, eighteen miles down the river, in the afternoon. During the day rumours had spread of the capture of Riel, and when, about half-past three in the afternoon, the report was verified the enthusiasm of the men knew no bounds. Three daring scouts came upon him and three companions about three miles from Batoche. He surrendered without a struggle, and accompanied his captors to the general's camp. His appearance was haggard and careworn in the extreme. Fear left some of the troops should shoot him had evidently taken possession of his mind. After an interview with Gen. Middleton, he was placed in charge of Capt. Young and sent to Regina, where he arrived on 23rd May. The barracks were turned into a prison, where we will leave him for the present.

Dumont, the real fighting leader, was still at large and obstinate. A courier from Batoche to Prince Albert met him and advised him to surrender, but he declared his intention of defending his freedom to the death. Through many dangers he eluded the vigilance of the scouts and eventually escaped across the line. Although the half-breeds were thus effectually defeated, no definite estimate up to this time could be made of the magnitude of the Indian rising which the rebellion had set on foot.

Poundmaker, although crippled by his encounter with Col. Otter at Cut Knife Creek, was still at large, and was the centre of the victory of Batoche. Crossing the Battleford trail, he had fallen upon a train of supplies on the way to Battleford, and captured the teamsters and carried off the supplies in triumph. Big Bear, also, was still formidable, not only in the number of his following, but also in the natural advantages of his chosen battle-ground. Lakes, muskies, brushwood, and climate all conspired to make his puny-limbs a work at once dangerous and difficult in the extreme. Some measure of humane treatment one might reasonably expect for small detachments falling into the hands of the half-breeds; none whatever could be hoped for at the hands of savages almost demons in their ingenuity in contriving tortures when roused. With the experience of the United

States to judge from, the end might yet appear far off. Indeed, at the beginning of the rebellion the fear of a general Indian war was most deeply seated, for these fears were realized we shall presently see.

On Friday morning, May 15th, Gen. Middleton's command crossed the river at Guardhouse's Crossing and took the trail for Prince Albert, where they arrived without further incident on the 19th. The next day Chiefs Beardsly and Okenimasis held a pow-wow with the General, and were profuse in their professions of loyalty. It will be remembered that both chiefs were present at the Duck Lake fight. Indeed, it was on their reserve that the fight took place. The General cross-questioned them severely, gave them a sharp reprimand, declared he would have them deposed, refused their request for provisions, and left in disgust. They both then became furious after his notice, and the General was said to acquit himself with credit at all of them. The following extract from a private letter graphically describes the scene on the arrival of Indian chiefs to pay homage to the commander of Her Majesty's forces:—

"It is a most laughable sight to see the processions of peaceable (?) Indians coming into camp whenever we are under the white flag just like phrean processions. Long trains of Red River carts, heard long before they are seen, preceded by mounted gys, highly ornamented, ochre paint, long hair streaming with beads, feather head-dresses (but a pet, but catches their fancy), head-worked trousers, moccasins, knife-shafts, a few bags, etc., etc. no two alike—small ponies dragging their lodge poles and wigwags, squaws, with paposes on their backs, in the carts, and furnished dogs, make a most interesting sight. The chief men make for the General's tent, carrying their bow, arrows, their quip, and a handbag, a huge calumet which they light with flint, knivies (red-willow bark) and fight with flint, steel, and punk, regardless of the surrounding red-coats. They are more interesting than the 'breeds' by a long way."

After settling matters at Prince Albert, General Middleton started up the North Saskatchewan on the morning of 23rd May, taking with him half of "A" Battery, Boulton's Horse, and the Midland Battalion. The remainder of the force was to follow as soon as transport facilities would permit. On May 24th the 90th B. Battalion left by steamer, and the Grenadiers, "C" Company Infantry, the remainder of "A" Battery, the Surveyors' Corps, all under Col. Strathcona were obliged to go by train. In the afternoon, of the General's departure, a nephew of Poundmaker came into camp at Prince Albert with a letter from that Chief containing treaty overtures. Messengers were immediately despatched to overtake the General. Next evening the messengers returned with the General's answer that should meet him in Battleford on the following Tuesday and make an unconditional surrender. The alternative was an armed force to drive him from his reserves and punish him. Late in the evening of Sunday, May 24th, General Middleton arrived at Battleford. On Tuesday he breakfasted, in accordance with the General's command, in an early part of the day, and was accompanied by the other chiefs. The inevitable pow-wow was immediately organized. The result was the detention in custody of Poundmaker, Jean Map, Breaking the Ice and Yellow Mud blanket. The others were sent back to their respective homes. Having thus summarily disposed of the Indians, General Middleton, General Middleton was in a position to attend more particularly to Big Bear's case. His plan of the campaign promised to effect one of two things—the defeat and surrender of Big Bear or his retirement into a country where starvation would speedily overtake him. It was probable that the Chief had no news of Riel's disaster so that precautions had to be taken to guard against the possibility of his getting around to the eastward with a view to forming a junction with his half-breed ally. It was assumed that he would not cross the Beaver River to the north which ran parallel to the Saskatchewan. He would either fight or dodge. Four columns were set in motion to meet the emergency. On the extreme east Col. Irvine was to advance northward from Carlton towards Green Lake and surrounding country; from Battleford Col. Otter was to patrol around Jackfish and Turtle lakes; the General himself intended to take up his trail from Fort Pitt and keep him continually moving or force on an encounter; lastly, General Strange was to close up the apex of the triangle between Beaver River and the Saskatchewan. He could not possibly get westward without encountering General Strange, and if he moved eastward in any force he would have to run the gauntlet of both Otter and Irvine with small chances of eluding both. General Strange was at a position to observe his own line of march. A steamer had been sent up the river to carry him supplies from Battleford.

On Saturday night, May 30th, it returned with news of his fight with Big Bear which has been already described. Now was the time to act. Within two hours General Middleton had selected his force and arranged for an advance by way of Fort Pitt. He selected his own line—the horses of Batoche—with the addition of Herchmer's Mounted Police and half of "B" Battery. On Sunday morning a start was made on the steamers *North-West*, *Alberta* and *Marquis* which were barred with cordwood. On Monday they picked up couriers from Gen. Strange's later on sixteen miles from the scene of the scout from Strange's force. In the afternoon, the force reached the landing at which they were to disembark, a few miles below Fort Pitt. While there six prisoners, who had been held by Big Bear, were brought in by

some Mounted Police. General Strange had moved forward to renew the attack on the Indians only to find them gone.

Gen. Middleton decided to pursue them with all possible speed and to this end sent out a force composed of mounted men only, the infantry being ordered up to Fort Pitt.

While these arrangements were being made a force of Mounted Police arrived with further despatches from General Strange, also the cheering intelligence that, although the McLeans, Belongs, Gowanlock and other prisoners were still with Big Bear, they had been treated well by the Indian Chief. A letter had been found by Strange on the scene of Thursday's engagement, written by Mr. McLean, stating that they were all well and no enemies had been persecuted or indignities offered them. In the way in the Mounted Police heard cries of help proceeding from a popular bluff which they were passing. They shouted to the parties to come out of the bush. They did so, and were discovered to be Mr. and Mrs. Quimby, the Frog Lake missionaries, Edward Dufresne, Francis Dufresne and wife, and Wm. Cameron. All these had been held by Big Bear. They were rescued on the day of the fight.

The country through which the mounted force was to march was very rough and the available maps gave little information in regard to it, as the greater part was unsurveyed. The following account by Assistant-Surgeon Mackenzie, of the Mounted Infantry, will be interesting. I might tell you something about the daily routine of the Mounted Infantry when going after Big Bear. The orders would invariably be: Reveille at 4 a.m., start at 5:30. After getting up and giving the horses oats we would have breakfast of tea, hard-tack and corned beef (for us) and then the pack-trains would start up our wayward path. A blanket behind the saddle and out of hand-tack and lined bed in front. After the command "saddle up" from the captains to their different corps (viz. Mounted Police, Survey Corps, Boulton's Troop, French's Scouts, and Steele's Scouts) would come "attention" to line up, "sweep," then "prepare to mount," "mount," and then we were off for seven hours without halt if the trail was good, mostly walking, with a canter now and then. When the halt was had there would be a "brush gang" attached with axes to clear the road and lay the bushes with brush for the taking (which was done every where) to cross. The pack-trains would be through open pine woods, but mostly through small poplar, sometimes so hilly that we would have to dismount to go up and down, and every here and there would be lakes of all sizes, but very few deep or game of any kind were seen on the way to Loon Lake.

The ground bore evidences of the time when the bears were plentiful in the country. Red banks six or eight feet high damming up creeks. About twelve o'clock the advance party would begin to look out for a halting place near grass and water for the horses. Then at the welcome order "dismount" saddles and bridles would be off in an instant and the horses either let loose in some swampy place or be loaded and tied to the ground, and then with long tether ropes, but often, instead of feeding, they would crowd in a long line to leeward of the fire and stand quietly in the smoke to escape the flies (black flies, mosquitoes, and flies and bull-dogs). Then would come our own dinner (same as breakfast) and an enjoyable smoke, lying supine in the sun, and then a hot and half we would be off again till a late forenoon sunset. Some of our camping places were most park-like large, spreading trees with dry silvery moss for the ground and generally a large slow (slough, or whatever it is) or two close by. After tea (ride dinner) we would heap up large fires for the night, and spread the pilloves, and the saddles and camped over us we were ready for dew or rain, all sleeping with feet towards the fire. The horses would be brought in and tethered close round for the night after having their oats. And then the officer for the day would mount the pickets. Some days the night was not so quiet as the morning except looking over the Indian camping grounds, which were eight or ten miles apart usually. Other days an Indian scout or two would be seen, or their tracks, and we would advance slowly and cautiously momentarily expecting an ambush, but it afterwards turned out their main body was escaped.

Some of their camps had rifle pits dug along them, but this we never did—though we travelled two or three times their day's march—because of one or two long halts the General made, when we stayed in camp for a day or two to make "travails," which were never used after all. These are two long poles, lashed to the ground with the baggage on it, while the other ends are strapped on pads on each side of the horse's back. The Indians make their dogs carry their lodge poles and tent coverings in this way. The ponies are worth mentioning. They are as a rule most sociable to one another, and rather tame. Some days they come from Montana and the Western States, and the "Shagwappies" on Indian ponies. They are not shed. When thirsty they take their fill at one draught and start off again. If loose round the camp they come in naturally for their oats. They will stand at times huddled together with their noses in the smoke of a smudge fire to escape the flies. They are very tough, as they frequently come down on their heads or fall and get stuck among the dead roots in the swamps, but rarely get injured. Along the trail between Fort Pitt and Beaver River the ducks are plentiful, and now and again one would fly off the grass near a slough, when two or three fellows

would dart off out of the line in a race for the eggs which would be sure to be there. The men are not supposed to fall out of the troop, but nothing is said against half a dozen or so getting behind the shelter of some bush for "pipe smoke," so as to make one valuable match to the round of pipes, or falling out to water a pipe or horse. As assistant surgeon, I had the privilege of riding where I liked, but in woody country it was dangerous to leave the trail and follow a point, or of being mistaken for a sneaking Indian. When in camp for any length of time, quite with horse shoes, was a favorite game. When at Prince Albert I got some *acut citre* and *pot. beech*. It used to be greatly appreciated during our halts. Some times I would have each tent full of surveyors fold chairs, some, each armed with a tin cup and spoon, trumping a quantity of a nut, to a spring to have a drink "with a head on it."

In this advance the General was continually on the trail of the hostile chief, but unable to force an encounter. In the hurry the Indians scattered everything, except provisions, along the trail. On June 9th the mounted force arrived at a point about a dozen miles east of Fort Pitt, where they found an immense musketry, which the General considered impassable by the body of his force. Scouts came in with accounts of Big Bear, who had crossed the musketry, and was moving north west, presumably to a large cache of provisions which he had stored at Beaver River.

The Indian's emergency was to thoroughly ensure the strength of General Strange's position in that direction, for once out of the western end of the triangle their game was lost beyond recovery.

The General returned at once to Fort Pitt, arriving on 13th June. General Strange had advanced to the mouth of the Moose River, Beaver River, and Frog Lake, and arrived there on June 9th. There, also, further advance was practically impossible, owing to the nature of the country. On their way out the cache of provisions mentioned before was found, and carried off.

Col. Williams, in command of the Infantry which General Middleton had despatched west, went to Fort Pitt, remained there about a week, and then moved up to Frog Lake, to form a junction with General Strange. General Strange, as we have seen, had advanced from that point to Beaver River.

General Middleton left Fort Pitt immediately, and reached Beaver River on 10th June. Three reports brought in a Wood Cree Indian, with the welcome news that the Wood Cree had parted company with Big Bear, taking the white prisoners with them, and that they were then on their way to Fort Pitt to surrender them. Big Bear had gone eastward.

"Fort Pitt, June 22.

"This morning at five o'clock Mr. Belton returned with the 24 people who had been held by the Bear as prisoners and after whom the whole of General Middleton's force of upwards of 1,500 men have been hunting in detachments for the past three weeks. The arrival, as telegraphed you yesterday, was expected this morning, and the event, therefore, was not of the sensational nature it otherwise would have been. Much desire, however, was shown to look upon and converse with those who had undergone so rough an experience, and who were anxious for the first time to be constantly on our lips. They were all taken aboard the steamer *Barry*, and after an excellent breakfast, most of them sought slumber, for they had ridden in through the whole night and were greatly fatigued. When they arrived they were all decently dressed, mainly in the clothes Mr. Belton had taken out for them.

"The names of the 24 are the following:—J. McLean, a Canadian, who was taken at Fort Pitt, wife and family of 9 children (4 girls and 5 boys.)

"Mr. Mann, Indian Instructor at Long Lake, wife and three children.

"Mr. Fitzpatrick, Indian instructor at Long Lake.

"S. K. and Stanley F. Simpson, Hudson Bay Clerks at Fort Pitt.

"Mr. Perrie, a French Canadian and a friendly half-breed, his wife and three of a family.

"After breakfast Mr. McLean expressed a wish to have a conversation with the *Globe* correspondent.

"As you have had quite a lengthy stay with the Indians," said—

"Yes, much longer than there was any need of, if our soldiers had known two or three things, which, however, it was impossible in the nature of affairs that they could know. When General Strange attacked the Indians twelve miles from here, I am certain that our detachment, had come. Big Bear was over the Indians were thoroughly worsted, and I really believe if the General had fired two or three more shots from the cannon they would have turned and fled, leaving us and everything else behind them. They were so frightened as it was that twenty-five men had been sent round to the flank, they would have watered like flies, and a cavalry party would have resulted. The scouts must have given General Strange a very exaggerated idea of the Indians' strength, or he would never have left them when he did. On the morning following the fight I was left quite debilitated, and could easily have escaped along with Mr. Quimby and the others who were taken at that time. But of course I could not get my family away. The Indians knew that there was no fear of me going away without the family.

"Did Big Bear quit the position in which he had fought, at once?"

"Yes, as soon as he could get away. We were taken directly to the east of us, as on our way there that the Indians were surprised



THE CAPTURE OF BATOCHÉ. [See page 30.]

(From a topographical map by Messrs. Burrows and Denny, Surveyors' Intelligence Corps; sketches by Mr. F. W. Carron, special artist of the "Illustrated War News" with General Middleton's expedition; and personal information by members of corps which participated.)





"Winnipeg, July 16th.

"We found the *Princess*, a small side-wheeler and the *Colville*, a twin-screw tug, on a par with the largest in the Chicago River, waiting for the troops for the arrival of the boats, as they had been at the landing for more than two weeks. The boats had three large barges with them, each 175 by 40 and 9 feet in depth of hold, and upon these the troops were quartered in more or less of comfort, the fifteen hundred men finding lodgment on the barges, while the officers and wounded took quarters on the steamers. By 11 a.m. on Monday we were off—waiting for the *Alberta* kept us till then—and the steamers and barges crowded with troops and decorated with spruce, cedar and juniper, presented a lively and novel sight as they made for Lake Winnipeg and home. First came the *Princess*, then a barge, then the *Colville* and then the other two barges—all strung on huge hawsers, with sixty chains of the line between each craft. Lake Winnipeg—despite its 300 miles of length and ninety of width—is shallow, ten fathoms being its greatest depth, and this unusual, so that it doesn't take much of a breeze to kick up a deuce of a sea. Monday night we had half a gale from the north-west and boats and barges pitched and pitched at a great rate. Good many were wrecked and a berth in the hold of one of the barges—dark as Erebus and badly ventilated—was not desirable; but on Tuesday came up smiling and the sea soon died into wrinkles, thence to dimples and finally into a placidity like unto that on a vacant's pliz when the cheese comes on. The *Princess* taking on board, parted company off Swampy Island and left the *Colville* and her tow of two to follow. Gen. Middleton, who was on the *Princess*, making it known that he must get into Selkirk at least an hour and a half before the rest of the force. Both boats arrived at Selkirk Wednesday morning, after a quiet night through the lower lake and tedious passage through the duerst of the many narrow channels by which the Red River of the North finds outlet."

On arriving at Winnipeg the troops were received with unbounded enthusiasm. Business was at a stand-still, and the whole city gave itself over to rejoicing. Viewing the manifestations of joy expressed in waving flags, variegated bunting and noble arches, but more especially in the thundering cheers from the throats of thousands of their fellow-countrymen, many weary hearts felt that if glory was to be the gratification of a free and generous people—the sense of stern duty performed under almost overwhelming difficulties, was an ample reward for all they had undergone. And those who bring to the foreground the disquieting feeling existing in the Dominion, not less right of the most national feeling which came suddenly into view when our national unity was for a moment endangered. The former are largely imaginary and indefinite, the latter is actual and deep seated.

### THE TRIAL OF RIEL.

We left Riel a prisoner in the Mounted Police barracks at Regina. On 20th July he was arraigned before Col. Richardson, stipendiary magistrate, in the Saskatchewan district, to answer the charge of treason. The counsel for the crown were Christopher Robinson, Q.C., of Toronto, B. B. Oler, Q.C., of Toronto, D. L. Scott, Q.C., of Regina, Mr. Casgrain, and G. W. Burbridge, Deputy Minister of Justice. For the defence were F. X. Lemieux, Q.C., of Quebec, Chas. Fitzpatrick, of Quebec, and Mr. J. N. Gray, of Montreal. At eleven o'clock continuing counsel took seats and shortly afterwards Judge Richardson and Mr. Henry Lejeune took their seats on the bench. The Judge announced that Mr. Lejeune would be associated with him in the trial. The jury roll was then called, and the clerk declared the court open. The prisoner was then brought in, and every eye was riveted on him. He was composed in manner, and entering the prisoner's box took his seat, but rose again at once and answered in the affirmative to the Judge's query whether he had been served with due notice of his trial, etc. The clerk then read the long indictment charging prisoner with treason. The prisoner kept his eye on the clerk as he read, and was constantly changing his rest on the rail of the box from one elbow to the other, but this was the only evidence that he felt conscious of the close scrutiny of every eye in the room. His long, waving brown hair fell down upon the collar of his dark grey sack coat, and his full, dark brown beard tapered to a point on his breast. The clerk, closed with his usual query to the prisoner, "Are you guilty or not guilty?" Before Riel had time to reply, Mr. Fitzpatrick entered his plea as to the jurisdiction of the Court. Mr. Christopher Robinson asked for an adjournment to prepare a reply to the plea.

The plea of the defence was simply that the stipendiary magistrate was incompetent to try a case involving the death penalty, but that it should be transferred to a competent Court in Upper Canada or British Columbia.

Messrs. Greenhields and Fitzpatrick addressed the court in support of the application for the adjournment. The counsel for the prosecution agreed to assist the defence in procuring witnesses in Canada, but they did not agree to the protection of the court being offered to Dumont, Dumas, or other parties participating in the rebellion if they were brought from a foreign country to testify on behalf of Riel.

The court re-opened on 28th July, after a week's adjournment. Six jurors were chosen and Mr. Oler was sworn as foreman. The Crown. He dwelt on the magnitude of the case and the careful judgment the jury would require to

employ in order to give a just verdict. He explained that the indictment had been made double for simple precautionary reasons to avoid technical objections. The trial by a jury of six instead of twelve was prescribed by law in the Territory, and there could be no manner of doubt as to the right of the Government to make that law. The absence of the Grand Jury was explained on the ground that such juries were essentially county organizations, and were impossible in large districts with small and scattered populations. The Crown thought it impossible also to issue a special commission for the trial of this prisoner. Special courts for special charges were always to be avoided. He traced the career of the prisoner since his arrival in the Saskatchewan Valley last year, and drew attention to the testimony which would be produced to enable the jury to reach a correct verdict. The testimony, he claimed, was abundantly sufficient to bring home to the prisoner his guilt in the charges against him. He read the document in Riel's handwriting to Crozier, in which Riel threatened a war of extermination against the whites, and traced the prisoner's conduct afterwards to show that he had tried to carry out that threat. It was no secret treason that was sought to be proved, but treason involving the shedding of brave men's blood. The accused had been led on, not by desire to aid his friends in a lawful agitation for redress of a grievance, but by his inordinate vanity and desire for power and wealth.

The examination of witnesses then commenced, in the course of which Riel asked Justice Richardson to be allowed to question Charles Nolin, who was under cross-examination. He objected to his lawyer's efforts to show that he was insane. He was not insane, he said, and desired that the plea be thrown aside. After considerable argument had taken place between the prisoner and his counsel, the Justice refused to allow him to question witnesses as long as he had counsel to speak for him. Among the witnesses called was General Middleton. His evidence was simply a resume of the campaign. He recited the particulars as to the capture and final surrender of Riel, and that according to instructions from Ottawa, he had handed him over to the civil authorities at Regina. The General, on being cross-examined by Greenhields, said they had had several conversations on religion. Riel said he was all wrong. Riel talked and acted like a religious enthusiast who was strong on some religious subject. A paper assuring Riel of protection was sent out by a scout after Astley told him that Riel would surrender.

### THE RETURN.

A few words on the welcome the men received

as their words on the welcome the men received. The public expression of sentiment on their departure was unprecedented and unvalued; the enthusiasm exhibited on their arrival excitedly elicited it. Canada really seemed to itself with joy. Nothing was too good for "our boys," as they were carelessly termed. Everywhere the prisoners possibly be done to show the rejoicing of the nation was done: banners, flowers, flags, processions, parades, New Year, all the streets of Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, of every town and city, large and small, resound with such cheering. Winnipeg was hilariously delighted, so was Toronto, so indeed was the smallest village that had a hand in the affair. Each detachment, as it arrived, was received at the station by the civic authorities, with bands, addresses, flags, wreaths. They were followed through the streets by thousands. And the cheering! Whole populations must have been hoarse for days after such cheering.

Well, the troops deserved it. "It was all over now, and it was their triumph that it was safely over. There only remained now the question of what to do with Riel and the rest of the prisoners. The tedious trial of the leader of the rebellion, the plea of insanity, the verdict, the recommendation to mercy, the sentence, the appeal, with all this we shall not concern ourselves. "Notice that the rebellion was quelled, and we had "our boys" safe home again.

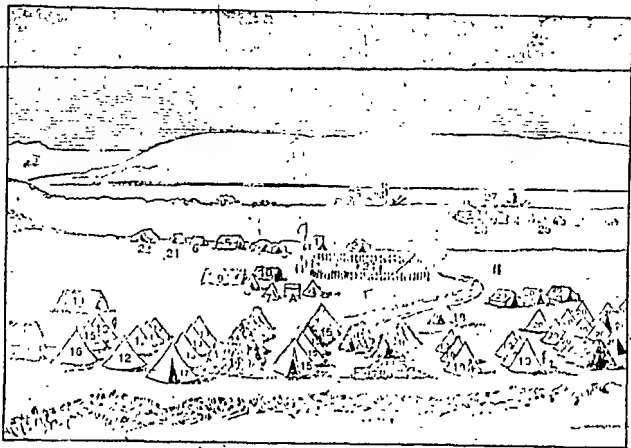
I cannot close this short account of the Northwest rising without expressing my thanks, my very sincere thanks, to the many friends who, at no little trouble to themselves, so kindly and thoughtfully helped me with their advice, information, and assistance. Amongst many others, I may mention the names of Mr. G. S. Mackay, Lieut.-Col. W. D. Jarvis, Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison, Capt. C. Greville Harston, and Mr. F. C. Wade. To the pen of my fellow-graduate, Mr. James McDougall, also, no small portion of Part II. owes its existence.

### INCIDENTS OF THE REBELLION.

#### CAMP LIFE AT FORT PITT.

HERE we have the last illustrations by Mr. Curzon, our special artist with Gen. Middleton's force that we shall have an opportunity to present. The first represents the lively response which the troop-horses of the Mounted Police make whenever the trumpeter sounds the call which is to their ears most attractive. The object of the illustration is to show, every man doing his level best to be first to reach the goal.

### CHURCH PARADE AT FORT PITT, JUNE 2nd, 1885.



Key to illustration on page 33.

1. The General.
2. The Assist. D. A. G. and Brigade Major.
3. Chief Transport Officer.
4. Brigadier Lieut.-Col. Staukenboom.
5. Staff Mess.
6. Staff.
7. Officers.
8. The Chaplain.
9. R. G. Orsley Room.
10. R. G. Officers' Mess.
11. R. G. Reading Room.
12. No. 1 Company, Royal Grenadiers.
13. " " " " " "
14. " " " " " "
15. " " " " " "
16. " " " " " "
17. Guard.
18. "A" Battery, Canadian Artillery.

19. "B" Battery, Canadian Artillery.
  20. 90th Battalion Rifles.
  21. Field Post Office.
  22. Field Hospital.
  23. Ammunition.
  24. Troops drawn up for divine service.
  25. Indian Encampment.
  26. Steamer Marquis.
  27. " " " " " "
  28. Building in Fort Pitt, evacuated by the Mounted Police on Mr. McLaughlin's order to the Indians, occupied as a Government storehouse.
- It may be of interest to mention that the camp of the scouts was on the left of that of the Royal Grenadiers, and that the Mounted were cantoned to the right of the tents of the both as shown in the picture.

### THE STEAMER "NORTHCOTE" RUNNING THE GAUNTLET AT BATOCHE, MAY 8th, 1885.

This illustration represents the exciting experience of the crew and troops on board the steamer sent down the river by Gen. Middleton for the two-fold purpose of creating a diversion from the main operations of the attack, and of establishing a new means of communication with Col. Irvine's command at Prince Albert. The military command of this expedition rested with Major Henry Smith, of "C" Company, Infantry School Corps, who had with him the half company of that body which went through the campaign with the troops that accompanied Gen. Middleton throughout. The vessel having been well fortified by Capt. Haig, R. E., it was in a fairly defensible condition; and the only really serious risk encountered was when the endeavour was made to capture it by means of the obstruction that the wire cable afforded. With the exception of a damaged smoke-stack, however, the steamer went through her trip comparatively unharmed, notwithstanding the hail of bullets through which she passed, sent by rebels ensconced among the bushes on both sides of the river.

### BATTLE OF CUT KNIFE CREEK.

Mr. Wainwright has placed us under deep obligations in sending us comprehensive sketches of the battle of Cut Knife Creek. The relative situation of the various troops was, however, better understood by regard being paid to the following references:—

1. Indian encampment partially hidden by woods, with shell bursting over.
2. Major Short, R. C. A., working Gatling gun, men of "B" Battery, and some police.
3. Corral of N. W. M. P. and staff horses.
4. Lager, with wounded in centre.
5. Indians evidently directing movements of the enemy from high hill, about 2,000 yards distant.
6. Woods both sides of Cut Knife Creek, which runs through.
7. Queen's Own, Rifles, and Ottawa Sharpshooters.
8. Seven-pounder gun, with men of "B" Battery.
9. Some of the Battleford Rifles.
10. Edge of the woods held by Mounted Police and "C" Company, Infantry School Corps.
11. Some of the Mounted Police, "B" Battery and "C" Company, and a few men of the Ottawa Sharpshooters.
12. Seven-pounder gun disabled through breaking of trail.

### THE QUEEN'S OWN AT CUT KNIFE CREEK.

The act of gallantry, in which Messrs. E. C. Acheson and G. E. Lloyd, of the Queen's Own Rifles participated, is one of the features of the campaign that is entitled to special mention. Towards the close of the engagement at Cut Knife Creek, which lasted about seven hours, the Battleford volunteers were ordered to fire

from their position in a gully where they had been maintaining a fire against some of the enemy ensconced in bush, which well covered them. All but two men, Private Dobbs and a constable named Winters, heard the order and retired round the ridge from which Acheson and Lloyd covered the movement. Lloyd happened to notice the two men still left, and called to Acheson to stay and help them out of their position. Lloyd knelt down and watched for the appearance of the concealed enemy, firing whenever he could get a chance, while Acheson stooped over the edge of the ridge to assist the two men up the steepest part of the incline, which was about three feet, almost perpendicular, at the summit. Taking Winters by the hand, Acheson pulled him up with a pig-tail to the ridge, when a ball through the back of his neck lodged in the brain, and he fell into the bush in front of the ridge. Acheson then climbed up quick, as it was clear the position was becoming untenable. Dobbs, who was an ex-soldier of the army, advanced in years and somewhat portly, being sorely fatigued with his untroubled exertions, said, "Wait a bit, till I get my wind." Acheson urged him to come along, as every moment was precious. When Dobbs reached the ridge he clasped his hand firmly and pulled with all his strength. Just as he got him over the edge, a ball from the enemy gave Dobbs a fatal wound, and the two men fell together and rolled over. Our picture shows the moment when Acheson was raising Dobbs' lifeless form to carry it to the bush in front, protecting it with his own person, shot upon a half-fired, with an expression of heroic manly duty on his countenance, suddenly rose at the edge of the ridge, but a few yards off, and drew a bead upon Acheson's back. Happily, Lloyd's rifle was loaded, and he was then watching for a chance to spot one of the enemy in the opposite bush. He brought his rifle to bear upon the man whose aim endangered his comrade's life, and on his pulling the trigger had the satisfaction of seeing this very dangerous assailant throw up his arms and disappear to be seen no more. Lloyd turned in moment to Acheson's request to him to pick up his rifle, but finding it broken and the shoulders of an Indian appeared over the edge of the ridge, by whom Lloyd himself was shot through the back, the ball passing by the shoulder and just missing the lungs. Sergeant McKill and others of the detachment of the Queen's Own now advanced to the rescue of Lloyd and to carry off the body of poor Dobbs, who was found to have received two shots, either of which must have proved fatal. Private Lloyd recovered from his wound, was appointed chaplain to his battalion while still in the field, and has since been promoted. He was recently married to a young lady from England. Both Acheson and Lloyd are held in high esteem by their comrades in the Queen's Own. They are both gentlemen of education and refinement, being brother students of Divinity at Wyke College, Toronto. We do not know whether the incident we have endeavoured to relate and illustrate has been brought by word or other to the notice of General Middleton, but the soldier and the citizen would warrant a recommendation for that most coveted decoration, The Victoria Cross.



CAMP LIFE AT FORT PITT. [See page-39.]

(From sketches by Mr. F. W. Curzon, special artist of the "Illustrated War News" with General Middleton's Expedition.)

(1) MOUNTED POLICE HORSES RESPONDING TO THE "FEED AND WATER" CALL. (2) HORSE RACING—"GO AS YOU PLEASE."

OF THE OFFICERS, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN COMPOSING THE NORTH-WEST FIELD FORCE WHICH SUPPRESSED THE REBELLION OF 1863.

~~References: Killed in action • Died from wounds • Wounded in action • Deserted •~~

[illegible]

[illegible]



[illegible]

<p> <b>A. Dauphiner</b>  <b>B. Sullivan</b>  <b>A. Wilson</b>  <b>P. McGrath</b>  <b>T. J. McMahon</b>  <b>B. Graham Moore</b>  <b>J. Thornton</b>  <b>W. Mulvih</b>  <b>B. Bricketton</b>  <b>W. Stiles</b>  <b>W. Black</b>  <b>J. Williams</b>  <b>H. Whitte</b>  <b>S. Withers</b>  <b>W. McDonald</b>  <b>J. Morrison</b>  <b>J. Young</b>  <b>C. Smith</b>  <b>C. Seals</b>  <b>E. Gabriel</b>  <b>W. McKel</b>  <b>J. Kelly</b>  <b>W. Ryan</b>  <b>J. Murphy</b>  <b>C. Porter</b>  <b>H. Little</b>  <b>A. Morris</b>  <b>G. Mills</b>  <b>T. Hann</b>  <b>Aug. J. S. Von S. Hoof</b>  <b>NO. 60 COMPANY,</b>  <b>Cpt. H. H. Harker</b>  <b>Lt. H. B. Selver</b>  <b>2nd Lt. C. J. James</b>  <b>Col.-Sgt. A. G. Renzie</b>  <b>Sgt. J. E. Conrad</b>  <b>M. C. Mumford</b>  <b>Cpt. W. M. Myers</b>  <b>J. Keefe</b>  <b>W. A. Lammerson</b>  <b>Pte. C. S. Pickford</b>  <b>Sgt. S. McShay</b>  <b>P. Humphrey</b>  <b>McIntosh</b>  <b>R. A. Mott</b>  <b>W. H. Munnies</b>  <b>C. O. Cameron</b>  <b>E. Harris</b>  <b>W. D. C. Spike</b>  <b>S. B. Crutchen</b>  <b>J. B. Woodland</b>  <b>A. Muir</b>  <b>N. N. Mumford</b>  <b>J. W. Watt</b>  <b>J. Sullivan</b>  <b>E. P. Story</b>  <b>H. Quinn</b>  <b>N. J. A. Vogel</b>  <b>D. Gray</b>  <b>H. Andrews</b>  <b>R. Tapio</b>  <b>J. Conzel</b>  <b>J. E. Zerk</b>  <b>H. P. Wood</b>  <b>W. W. Hanson</b>  <b>B. D. Wood</b>  <b>E. Taaffe</b>  <b>NO. 70 COMPANY,</b>  <b>Cpt. Cunningham</b>  <b>Lt. Sullivan</b>  <b>2nd Lt. C. R. Fletcher</b>  <b>Capt. Brown</b>  <b>Sgt. Reynolds</b>  <b>Woodrich</b>  <b>Cpt. Raymond</b>  <b>J. Jackson</b>  <b>Hunter</b>  <b>Pte. Chas. G. D.</b> </p>	<p> <b>Pte. Gibson</b>  <b>Sullivan</b>  <b>Hoare</b>  <b>Shuld</b>  <b>Blackwood</b>  <b>W. H. Brown</b>  <b>H. E. Frazer</b>  <b>G. Fraser</b>  <b>H. Fraser</b>  <b>W. H. Fraser</b>  <b>Hulls</b>  <b>McKenzie</b>  <b>McNab</b>  <b>McLeod</b>  <b>Mitchener</b>  <b>Maroo</b>  <b>McLellan</b>  <b>Pent</b>  <b>Pevel</b>  <b>Patterson</b>  <b>J. Kelly</b>  <b>G. Roman</b>  <b>G. Roman</b>  <b>J. Murphy</b>  <b>C. Porter</b>  <b>H. Little</b>  <b>A. Morris</b>  <b>G. Mills</b>  <b>T. Hann</b>  <b>Aug. J. S. Von S. Hoof</b>  <b>NO. 60 COMPANY,</b>  <b>Cpt. H. H. Harker</b>  <b>Lt. H. B. Selver</b>  <b>2nd Lt. C. J. James</b>  <b>Col.-Sgt. A. G. Renzie</b>  <b>Sgt. J. E. Conrad</b>  <b>M. C. Mumford</b>  <b>Cpt. W. M. Myers</b>  <b>J. Keefe</b>  <b>W. A. Lammerson</b>  <b>Pte. C. S. Pickford</b>  <b>Sgt. S. McShay</b>  <b>P. Humphrey</b>  <b>McIntosh</b>  <b>R. A. Mott</b>  <b>W. H. Munnies</b>  <b>C. O. Cameron</b>  <b>E. Harris</b>  <b>W. D. C. Spike</b>  <b>S. B. Crutchen</b>  <b>J. B. Woodland</b>  <b>A. Muir</b>  <b>N. N. Mumford</b>  <b>J. W. Watt</b>  <b>J. Sullivan</b>  <b>E. P. Story</b>  <b>H. Quinn</b>  <b>N. J. A. Vogel</b>  <b>D. Gray</b>  <b>H. Andrews</b>  <b>R. Tapio</b>  <b>J. Conzel</b>  <b>J. E. Zerk</b>  <b>H. P. Wood</b>  <b>W. W. Hanson</b>  <b>B. D. Wood</b>  <b>E. Taaffe</b>  <b>NO. 70 COMPANY,</b>  <b>Cpt. Cunningham</b>  <b>Lt. Sullivan</b>  <b>2nd Lt. C. R. Fletcher</b>  <b>Capt. Brown</b>  <b>Sgt. Reynolds</b>  <b>Woodrich</b>  <b>Cpt. Raymond</b>  <b>J. Jackson</b>  <b>Hunter</b>  <b>Pte. Chas. G. D.</b> </p>	<p> <b>"A" COMPANY, HELLER-  VILL.</b>  <b>Cpt. Laster</b>  <b>Lt. J. Holliswell</b>  <b>C. H. Henry</b>  <b>Col.-Sgt. Wright</b>  <b>Sgt. Madden</b>  <b>Alex. Robinson</b>  <b>Cpl. H. James</b>  <b>J. W. H. Teicher</b>  <b>Hillwell</b>  <b>Pte. Ed. Howard</b>  <b>L. Wallbridge</b>  <b>W. McIntire</b>  <b>W. Hancock</b>  <b>W. Merion</b>  <b>T. Hammett</b>  <b>"B" COMPANY, HELLER-  VILL.</b>  <b>W. Arne</b>  <b>C. W. Heunings</b>  <b>W. Livingston</b>  <b>J. Kelly</b>  <b>G. Roman</b>  <b>G. Roman</b>  <b>J. Murphy</b>  <b>C. Porter</b>  <b>H. Little</b>  <b>A. Morris</b>  <b>G. Mills</b>  <b>T. Hann</b>  <b>Aug. J. S. Von S. Hoof</b>  <b>NO. 60 COMPANY,</b>  <b>Cpt. H. H. Harker</b>  <b>Lt. H. B. Selver</b>  <b>2nd Lt. C. J. James</b>  <b>Col.-Sgt. A. G. Renzie</b>  <b>Sgt. J. E. Conrad</b>  <b>M. C. Mumford</b>  <b>Cpt. W. M. Myers</b>  <b>J. Keefe</b>  <b>W. A. Lammerson</b>  <b>Pte. C. S. Pickford</b>  <b>Sgt. S. McShay</b>  <b>P. Humphrey</b>  <b>McIntosh</b>  <b>R. A. Mott</b>  <b>W. H. Munnies</b>  <b>C. O. Cameron</b>  <b>E. Harris</b>  <b>W. D. C. Spike</b>  <b>S. B. Crutchen</b>  <b>J. B. Woodland</b>  <b>A. Muir</b>  <b>N. N. Mumford</b>  <b>J. W. Watt</b>  <b>J. Sullivan</b>  <b>E. P. Story</b>  <b>H. Quinn</b>  <b>N. J. A. Vogel</b>  <b>D. Gray</b>  <b>H. Andrews</b>  <b>R. Tapio</b>  <b>J. Conzel</b>  <b>J. E. Zerk</b>  <b>H. P. Wood</b>  <b>W. W. Hanson</b>  <b>B. D. Wood</b>  <b>E. Taaffe</b>  <b>NO. 70 COMPANY,</b>  <b>Cpt. Cunningham</b>  <b>Lt. Sullivan</b>  <b>2nd Lt. C. R. Fletcher</b>  <b>Capt. Brown</b>  <b>Sgt. Reynolds</b>  <b>Woodrich</b>  <b>Cpt. Raymond</b>  <b>J. Jackson</b>  <b>Hunter</b>  <b>Pte. Chas. G. D.</b> </p>	<p> <b>Pte. W. Thurston</b>  <b>C. Thompson</b>  <b>R. McConnel</b>  <b>G. Burke</b>  <b>G. Smith</b>  <b>K. Quackenbush</b>  <b>O. Armstrong</b>  <b>D. McDonald</b>  <b>L. Young</b>  <b>S. Wood</b>  <b>G. Hornbeck</b>  <b>W. McNeill</b>  <b>P. Brown</b>  <b>L. Clifton</b>  <b>W. Hancock</b>  <b>W. Merion</b>  <b>T. Hammett</b>  <b>"C" COMPANY, LINDSAY.</b>  <b>W. Arne</b>  <b>C. W. Heunings</b>  <b>W. Livingston</b>  <b>J. Kelly</b>  <b>G. Roman</b>  <b>G. Roman</b>  <b>J. Murphy</b>  <b>C. Porter</b>  <b>H. Little</b>  <b>A. Morris</b>  <b>G. Mills</b>  <b>T. Hann</b>  <b>Aug. J. S. Von S. Hoof</b>  <b>NO. 60 COMPANY,</b>  <b>Cpt. H. H. Harker</b>  <b>Lt. H. B. Selver</b>  <b>2nd Lt. C. J. James</b>  <b>Col.-Sgt. A. G. Renzie</b>  <b>Sgt. J. E. Conrad</b>  <b>M. C. Mumford</b>  <b>Cpt. W. M. Myers</b>  <b>J. Keefe</b>  <b>W. A. Lammerson</b>  <b>Pte. C. S. Pickford</b>  <b>Sgt. S. McShay</b>  <b>P. Humphrey</b>  <b>McIntosh</b>  <b>R. A. Mott</b>  <b>W. H. Munnies</b>  <b>C. O. Cameron</b>  <b>E. Harris</b>  <b>W. D. C. Spike</b>  <b>S. B. Crutchen</b>  <b>J. B. Woodland</b>  <b>A. Muir</b>  <b>N. N. Mumford</b>  <b>J. W. Watt</b>  <b>J. Sullivan</b>  <b>E. P. Story</b>  <b>H. Quinn</b>  <b>N. J. A. Vogel</b>  <b>D. Gray</b>  <b>H. Andrews</b>  <b>R. Tapio</b>  <b>J. Conzel</b>  <b>J. E. Zerk</b>  <b>H. P. Wood</b>  <b>W. W. Hanson</b>  <b>B. D. Wood</b>  <b>E. Taaffe</b>  <b>NO. 70 COMPANY,</b>  <b>Cpt. Cunningham</b>  <b>Lt. Sullivan</b>  <b>2nd Lt. C. R. Fletcher</b>  <b>Capt. Brown</b>  <b>Sgt. Reynolds</b>  <b>Woodrich</b>  <b>Cpt. Raymond</b>  <b>J. Jackson</b>  <b>Hunter</b>  <b>Pte. Chas. G. D.</b> </p>	<p> <b>Pte. R. Powell</b>  <b>J. Stantforth</b>  <b>S. Storey</b>  <b>W. Gardiner</b>  <b>Lt. G. Young</b>  <b>Geo. Hughes</b>  <b>Geo. Salfur</b>  <b>T. McLean</b>  <b>E. Brown</b>  <b>Cpl. Davidson</b>  <b>L. Young</b>  <b>Ira Natress</b>  <b>W. Powell</b>  <b>Thos. Fraser</b>  <b>Thos. Bell</b>  <b>Henry McGill</b>  <b>Albert Shaler</b>  <b>W. Garnett</b>  <b>P</b></p>
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Stationed at Stand Off.—Con. O. Hilliard.  
Stationed at Swift Current.—Cons. R. E. Tucker, T. G. Zerezi.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Every effort has been

made by the publishers to have the above lists as accurate and complete as possible, for which

purpose they obtained permission, through the

courtesy of the Hon. Sir Adolphe Caron, for  
their agent at Ottawa to examine the official

pay lists of the various corps. In this way all

of the above were procured, except the members of the staff, compiled from various sources: the

names of the Mounted Police, kindly supplied  
by the Controller of that branch of the Force.

partment of the Interior; the list of the de-

achment of the Foot Guards, furnished specially by Major Todd; and the names of officers

and men of the Queen's Own Rifles and Mic.

and Battalion, obtained from the columns of the *Globe*. The first pay lists of these latter

corps were not available at Ottawa on the last application of our agent; and for a similar rea-

son we regret that mention of the names of those who served in the following organizations

has to be omitted:—(1) The detachments of  
"A" Battery and "O" Company, serving with

Gen. Middleton; (2), French's Scouts; (3), The Surveyors' Intelligence Corps; (4), The Rocky

Mountain Rangers; (5), the St. Albert Volunteers; (6), Steele's Scouts; (7), The Prince Al-

bert Volunteers; (8) Boulton's Mounted Infantry.

OMISSIONS.—Following are the names of cer-

certain of the Medical Staff which were not received early enough for proper classification:

Dr. Roddick, deputy agn.; Dr. Polletier, asst. den. agn.; Dr. Sullivan, surgeon-gen. of hosp.

Clark & Crossing: Dr. Gravelov at Qu'Appelle

Dr. Willoughby, Dr. Wright, Sgn.-Maj. Castain, Dr. Powell, Mrs. Miller (chief nurse of

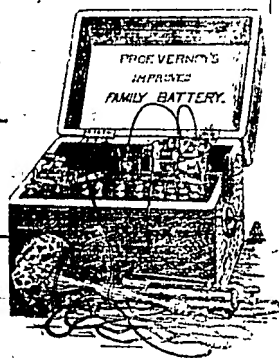
the hospital at Saskatoon), and three Sisters of St. John.

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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 278: 1039-1044.

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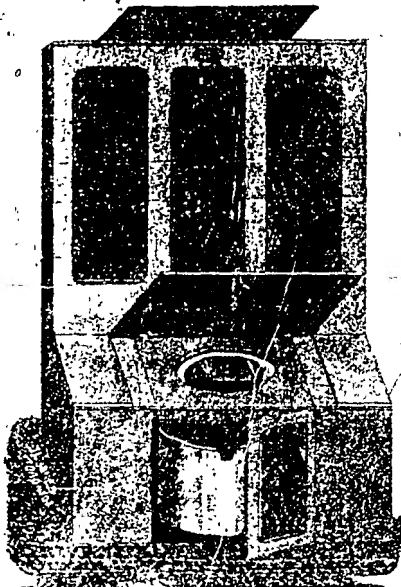
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